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DECEMBER 1989

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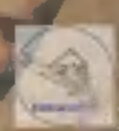
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PARRY'S PAGE

One time we (my helpers Caramilk, Coffy Bite, Fry Me and I) took you into the world of animals. This time we're off for a ride! A ride into the fascinating world of transport. Like always, remember to cut 'n' keep your Parry's Page. And soon you're going to have your own little encyclopaedia!

Off for a ride!

Early explorers travelled the sea by simple log rafts like these. Today Queen Elizabeth 2, the world's largest passenger liner carries 2,000 passengers, has restaurants, fancy cabins, kitchens and even a swimming pool!



In 1839 a Scottish blacksmith invented the pedal bicycle. Today cycling is the fastest man powered transport. Racing cyclists can cycle at a speed of 78 km/h.



Did you know? The Queen is the only person in Britain who does not have a number plate on her car. The rickshaw was not invented in the East, but the named Johnathan Scobie built a rickshaw in 1869 for his invalid wife who he took on a sightseeing tour of Japan.

Find your way! Get into this little car and find your way out of this maze.



What's a hovercraft?
It's like a flying ship, that
travels on a cushion of
air, just above the water
and is much faster than
ordinary ships.

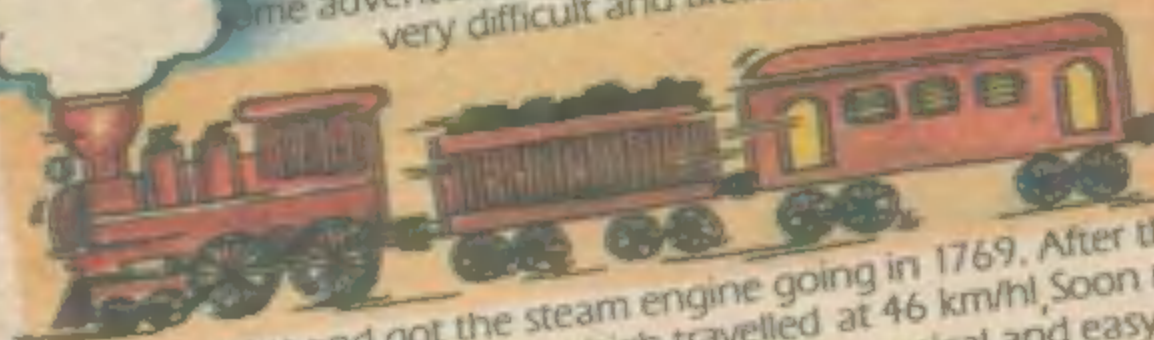


The Wright Brothers flew the
first aircraft less than a hundred
years ago. Today the Jumbo Jet
(Boeing 747, the world's largest
passenger aircraft) has a
wingspan that is longer than
the Wright Brothers' first flight.

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the history of transport. This
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Before the invention of steam transport, people
mostly travelled on foot, by horse carts and
some adventurous people sailed. But it was all
very difficult and tiresome.



Along came James Watt and got the steam engine going in 1769. After that a Britisher,
George Stephenson built a locomotive which travelled at 46 km/h! Soon railways were
built all over the world and trains became the most economical and easy way to travel.
Today the French high-speed TGV train travels at 380 km/h.



The first car? Yes that's what it looked like.
It ran on steam at a speed of approx. 5 km/h!
But the first real cars were the ones
built by Daimler in 1885 and Benz in 1886,
which ran on petrol.



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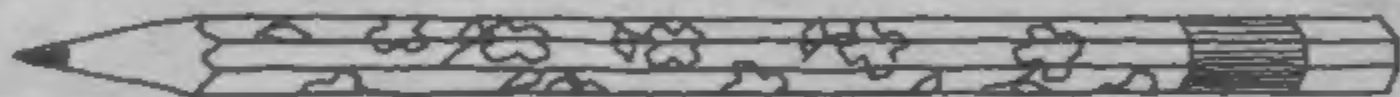
Now! Can you make it longer by using it a little
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And survives." "Mimi takes everything she can lay her hands on straight to her mouth." "Now how do I tell Dilip that cars don't drive on stairs?" "Oh you don't know my kids..."

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CHANDAMAMA

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The usurper begins his tyranny in THE BANDIT PRINCE. But a mysterious man saves the old minister he wanted to kill.

"Bring my dead child back to life!" cries a bereaved mother. Is such a miracle possible? See how the Enlightened One handles the situation in the STORY OF BUDDHA.

Laugh with Birbal. Enjoy a bunch of refreshing stories. All other features too!

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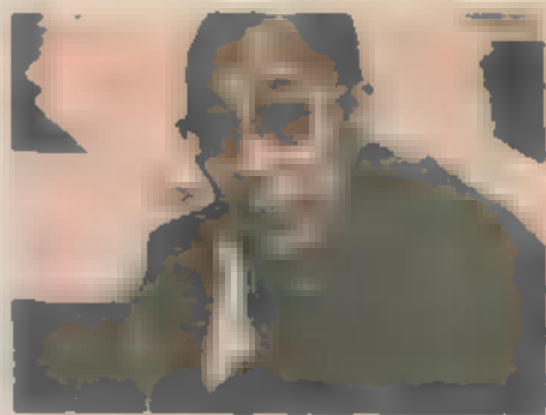
ELECTIONS AND DEMOCRACY

India has experienced another round of Elections to the Lok Sabha—the highest political and administrative institution in the country. Many of our readers who have just completed eighteen years of age have voted for the first time.

India is not only the world's largest democracy, but also the only country in the East where democracy has worked without any interruption. Look at Pakistan which was carved out of India and which became independent along with India. Most of the time it remained under military rule and dictatorship.

Democracy has many weaknesses. Nevertheless, it is the best political ideology. It guarantees us freedom of thought, expression and action. That is why, many countries which experimented with other ideologies, are now returning to democracy.

If we are honest, intelligent and dutiful, democracy can assure ■■ the best of conditions for our welfare. Let us aspire to be worthy of democracy.



This process was followed to find the present Dalai Lama too. As a little child, he showed surprising maturity and recognised people whom he had never met.

But this part of his life has nothing to do with his receiving the Nobel Peace Prize. His country, Tibet, had to pass

PEACE PRIZE FOR DALAI LAMA

He was born in a remote Tibetan village amidst mountains, but he became the spiritual and political head of his people who are all Buddhists. He is His Holiness Tenzin Gyatso, the Fourteenth Dalai Lama of Tibet.

Tibet is a mysterious country. Its population, less than one and half million or fifteen lakhs, remains spread over 470,00 sq. miles to the north of the Himalayas.

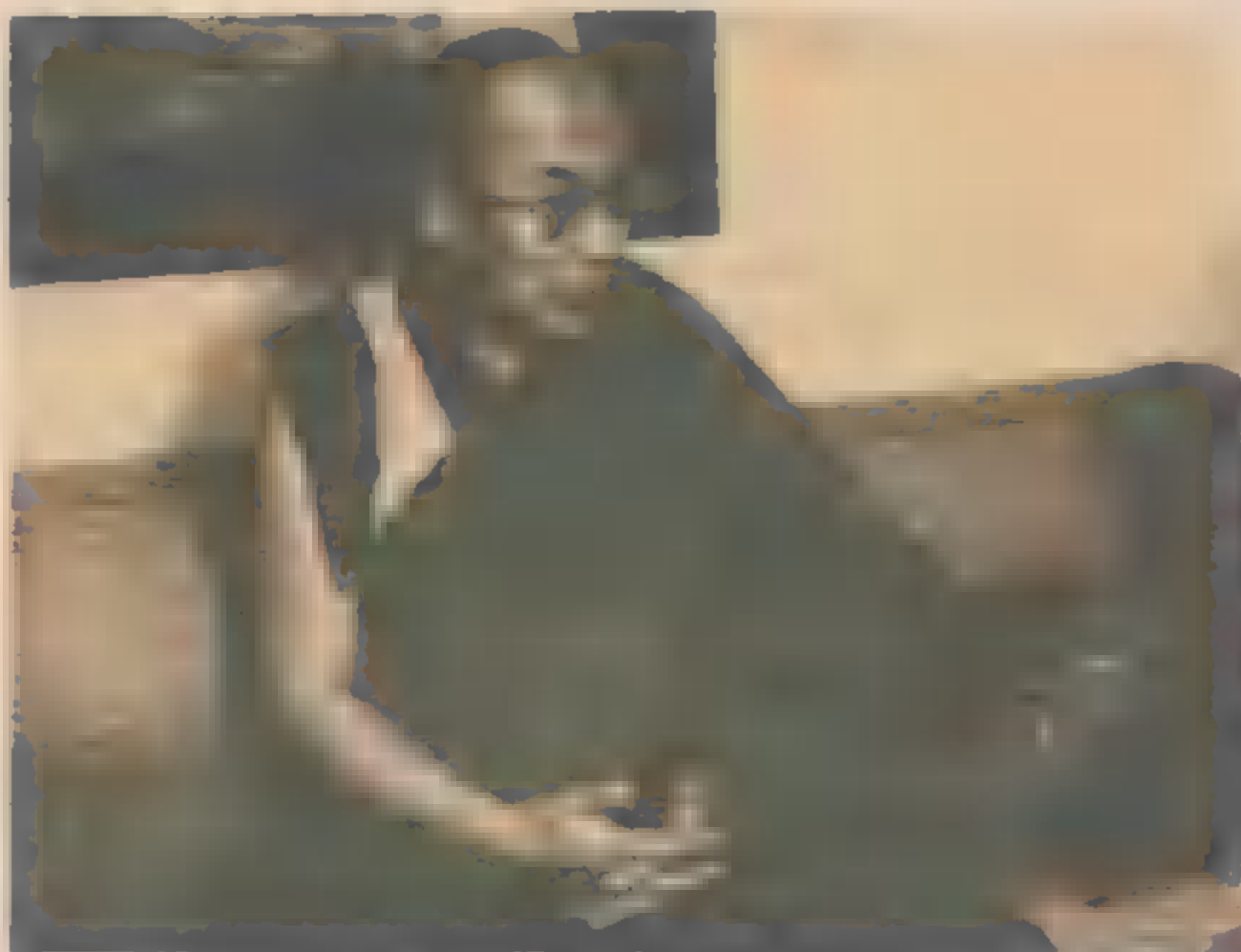
When a Dalai Lama dies, it is believed that his spirit reincarnates in another new-born child. Some lamas who know the signs by which the reincarnated Dalai Lama is to be found out, continue to travel through hundreds of villages, for months and years if necessary, until they have discovered the new Dalai Lama.

through very difficult days in the recent past. In the eighteenth century, Tibet had been annexed by the Manchu Kings of China. But when the Manchu dynasty came to an end, the Tibetans drove out the Chinese army and became independent again. But China occupied eastern Tibet in 1950. In 1959, the Tibetans revolted against the Chinese. China ruthlessly suppressed the rebellion, destroying a great part of the Dalai Lama's palace in Tibet's capital, Lhasa. The Dalai Lama managed to reach India, risking his life. Soon thousands of Tibetans also took refuge in India. Since then they are living in India with discipline and dignity, under the leadership of the Dalai Lama. With great patience the Dalai Lama has tried to tell the world about the

problems of his people in Tibet, but in this he has shown exemplary nobility and compassion. He is distressed, but never angry. A true Buddhist, he believes in peaceful ways of reaching a goal. The world recognises in him a true champion of peace. Hence the Nobel Prize for him.

In March 1985, the Dalai Lama gave an exclusive interview to THE HERITAGE of

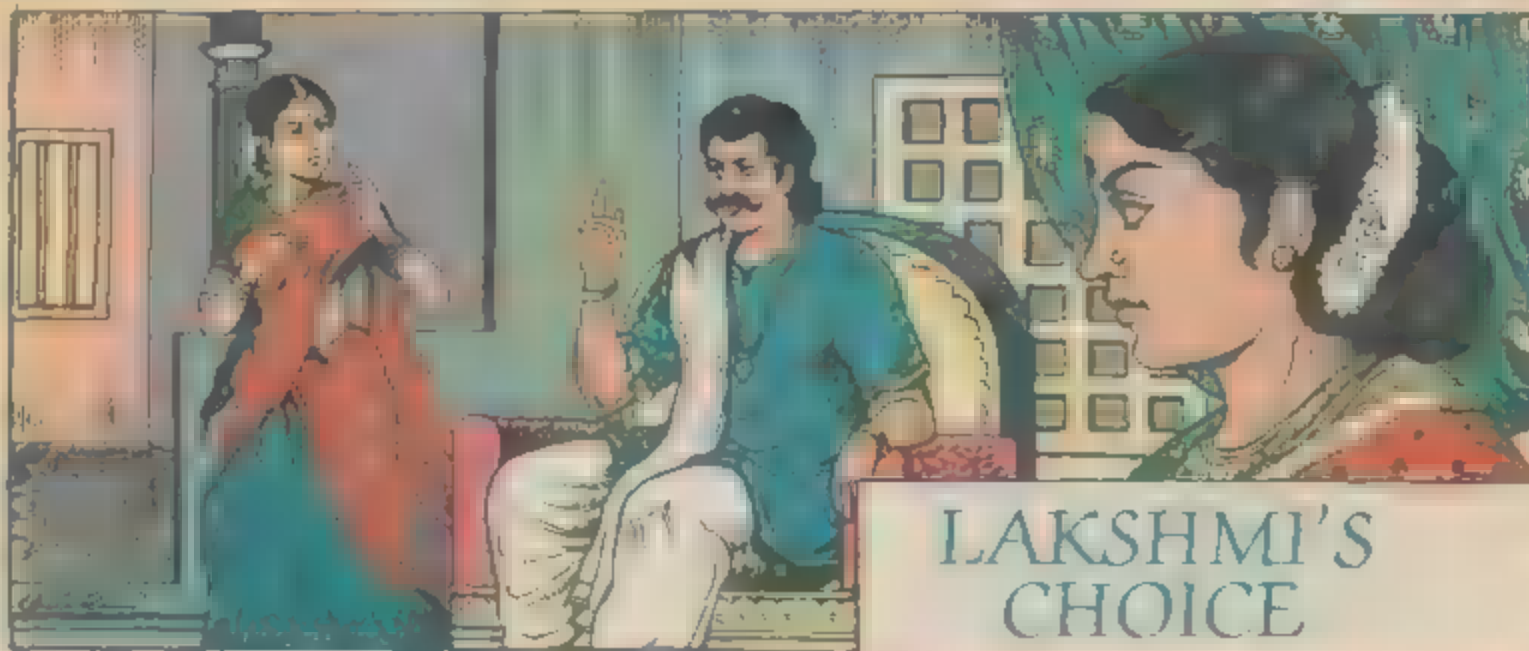
hunger. Food remaining in a sealed box does not serve any purpose. Similarly, as long as the spirit of religion is not understood, it does not serve its purpose. And once a man realises the truth of his own religion, he appreciates the truth in other religions. The world has many kinds of people. One religion is not enough to satisfy all kinds of aspirations. There have to be



Chandamama Publications. He said, "Religion is not mere knowledge, but a thing to be experienced, to be realised. Just as food satisfies our hunger, religion ought to satisfy our inner

many faiths, many philosophies and approaches, for variety is a trait of humanity. You can grow respect for all of them."

How true indeed!



LAKSHMI'S CHOICE

Surjit Singh of village Kaleswar had a daughter named Lakshmi. She was his only child. Surjit Singh was a wealthy man.

"Surjit! What about marrying your daughter to my son?" the landlord of the area, Vikram Rao, once asked Surjit. That is because Lakshmi was not only beautiful, but also very intelligent and good-natured.

"I wonder if there could be a better match!" commented Surjit. The landlord was happy. But the very next day, the renowned merchant of the area, Kamleshwar, proposed his son's marriage with Lakshmi. Again Surjit could not refuse the proposal, but said that he would leave it to Lakshmi's choice.

When Lakshmi was asked by her parents, she kept quiet. "My child, you must speak out your preference! To us both the young men seem equally good," said her

mother.

"Mother, to me both the young men seem equally bad. I have another young man in mind—Vidyadhar," said Lakshmi with a shy smile.

"Vidyadhar? How can he be better than the other two?" asked Surjit Singh with some surprise. Vidyadhar was the headmaster's son. He was a good scholar.

"Father, the other two cannot possess the quality which Vidyadhar has. But Vidyadhar can possess what they have," replied Lakshmi. "You can ask them individually and find out for yourself!"

Lakshmi told her father what exactly he should ask the three young men.

One day Surjit Singh found the landlord's son alone. He went in and briefed a friend of his. The friend came out and asked the young man, "How much interest

do you take in your father's estate?"

"Why should I bother? Don't we have our clerks to look after it?" answered the young man.

"Of course, you have enough wealth. But suppose you marry a girl who loves literature and arts. Would you be able to become a scholar?" he was asked.

"That is not my interest!" answered the landlord's son.

Similar questions were put to the merchant's son on another occasion. He too answered in the same way.

It was now Vidyadhar's turn. "Vidyadhar! There is a proposal for Lakshmi's marriage with you. The problem is, you have scholarship, but no wealth. Will you be able to possess wealth if you marry Lakshmi?"

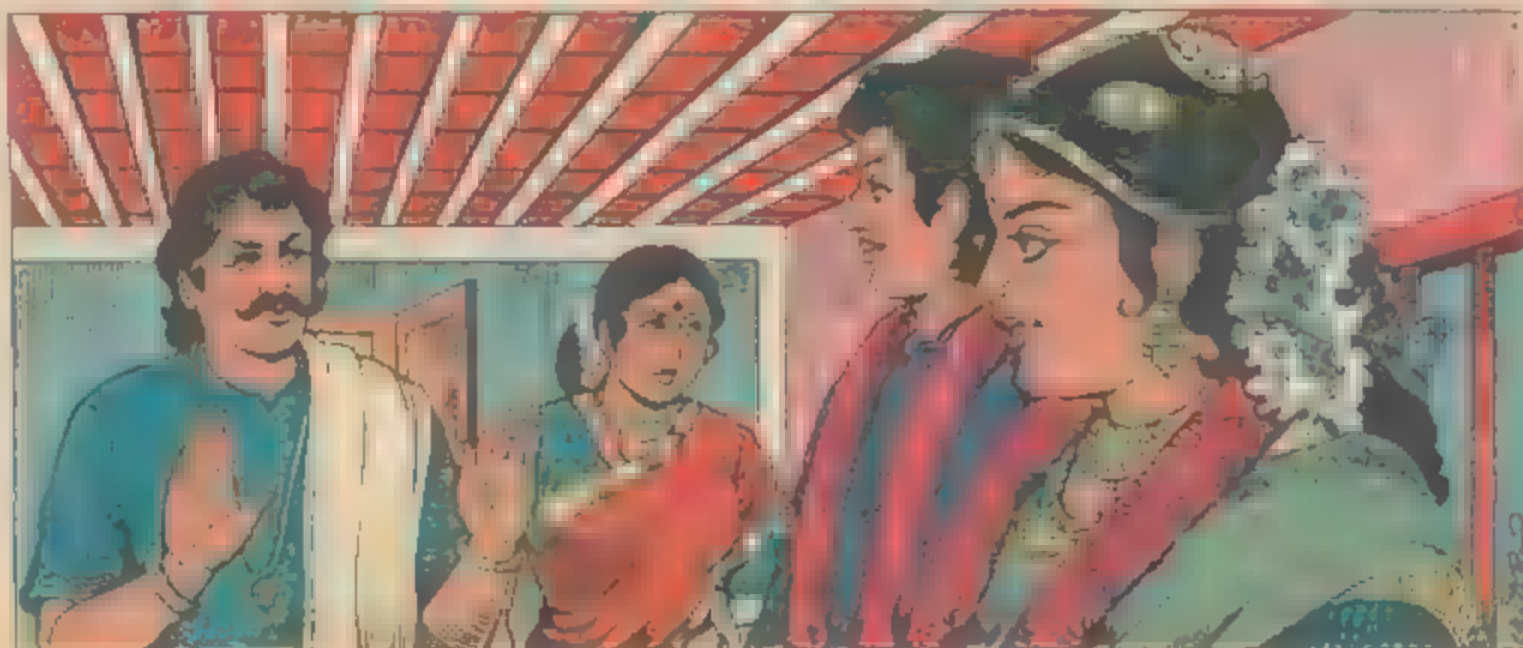
"At once!" replied Vidyadhar.

"At once? How?" Surjit Singh's friend asked him.

Vidyadhar laughed and said. "Look here, I do not consider myself eligible for Lakshmi's hand. But that is a different matter. If we are to accept your hypothesis that I marry Lakshmi, don't you see how I grow rich at once? Lakshmi is her parents' only child. Who will manage their wealth if not their son-in-law?"

The answer was duly reported to Surjit Singh, his wife and Lakshmi.

"Do you see my point, Father? The landlord's son and the merchant's son have wealth, but no scholarship. They cannot develop scholarship either. Vidyadhar has scholarship, but no wealth. But he can automatically become wealthy!" explained Lakshmi. Surjit Singh laughed. Lakshmi married Vidyadhar.





HUNTER OF JUSTICE

Pramod of our village was working in the city. I must admit that nobody else from our village was employed in the city, though only a few had occasionally visited it.

Pramod walked and talked in a very superior way. He looked down on everybody in the village. He spoke of the city as if it was a fairyland!

No doubt, he commanded some respect from the people of his own age. So far as the elders were concerned, they just tolerated him.

But how would the children of the village understand that he had any reason to be proud? Why should Mintu, Rintu, Raghu and Bapi show him any respect?

One day while the children were playing in the village square, Pramod happened to pass by. Now, the children played

a game called 'Strike the Stick'. They would set a stick on the sands. Then, from a certain distance, they would throw another stick at it. One who could strike the target at the first throw would gain a point.

It was Mintu's turn to hurl the stick. He hurled it; but suddenly Pramod came between him and the target. Mintu's stick hit Pramod's leg.

"You loafer! I will teach you how to behave!" yelled Pramod. He rushed at Mintu. But Mintu ran away. Pramod tried to catch him, but in vain. Can a bull ever catch a mongoose?

The angry Pramod reported the matter to Mintu's father, Ranganath.

"I am sorry, Pramod, I will ask the boy and his friends, not to change the village square into a playground!" said Ranganath.

"That is all right," said Pramod with some disgust, "but what about the mischief your son has already done?"

"It is not his mischief, Pramod, it is his mistake. Don't you remember how you and I too used to play the same game?" Ranganath reminded him smilingly and politely.

But it had no effect on Pramod. "I want justice!" he shouted.

"I see," said Ranganath gravely. "In that case you have to complain to Chowdhury!"

Chowdhury was a highly revered figure in that area. His was the last word on any dispute. People accepted his judgments without any murmur.

Chowdhury lived in an adjoining village. As Pramod headed in that direction, he came face to face with Diwakar.

"Hello, Pramod, why must you walk so fast? What is the matter with you?" asked Diwakar. Pramod gave the reason. But Diwakar smiled and said, "Pramod, must you grow so very angry for such a trifle? Have peace!"

"It is easy to lecture on peace!" shouted Pramod. "I want justice!"

"Very well. Go ahead!" said



Diwakar.

Chowdhury was amused at Pramod's complaint. But a highly seasoned man that he was, he did not show that he had taken the complaint lightly. Instead, he said, "You see, such cases are judged by Diwakar of your village. I give my attention to other kinds of cases!"

"But Diwakar only knows how to lecture on peace. He does not understand the need for justice!" complained Pramod.

"You tell him that I want him to do justice in this case," said Chowdhury. But Pramod was not satisfied. He brought Diwakar to Chowdhury. Diwakar

promised to do justice.

Back in their village, Diwakar called all the respectable men of the village and placed Pramod's case before them: "Mintu is to blame for his conduct. Pramod should either forgive him or punish him. Pramod is bent on punishing him. What do you say?" he asked.

Mishra, the headmaster of the village school, said, "Mintu has not struck Pramod deliberately. That is why it will not be proper for Pramod to strike Mintu deliberately. He can only throw a stick at Mintu's leg."

"That is correct," agreed all.

"But Mintu may run away. How can I throw a stick at him?" asked Pramod.

"Mintu shall be held by two of us. But see to it that your stick strikes only Mintu, not the others!" cautioned Diwakar.

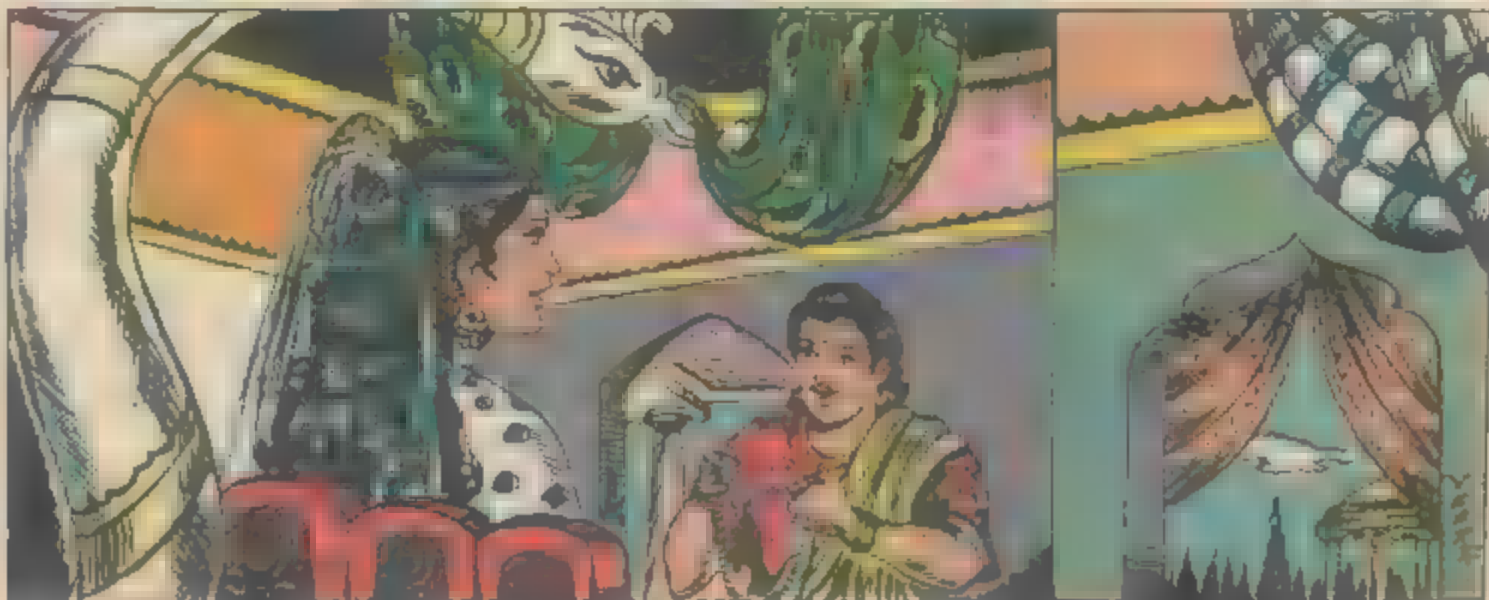
But it was not necessary to

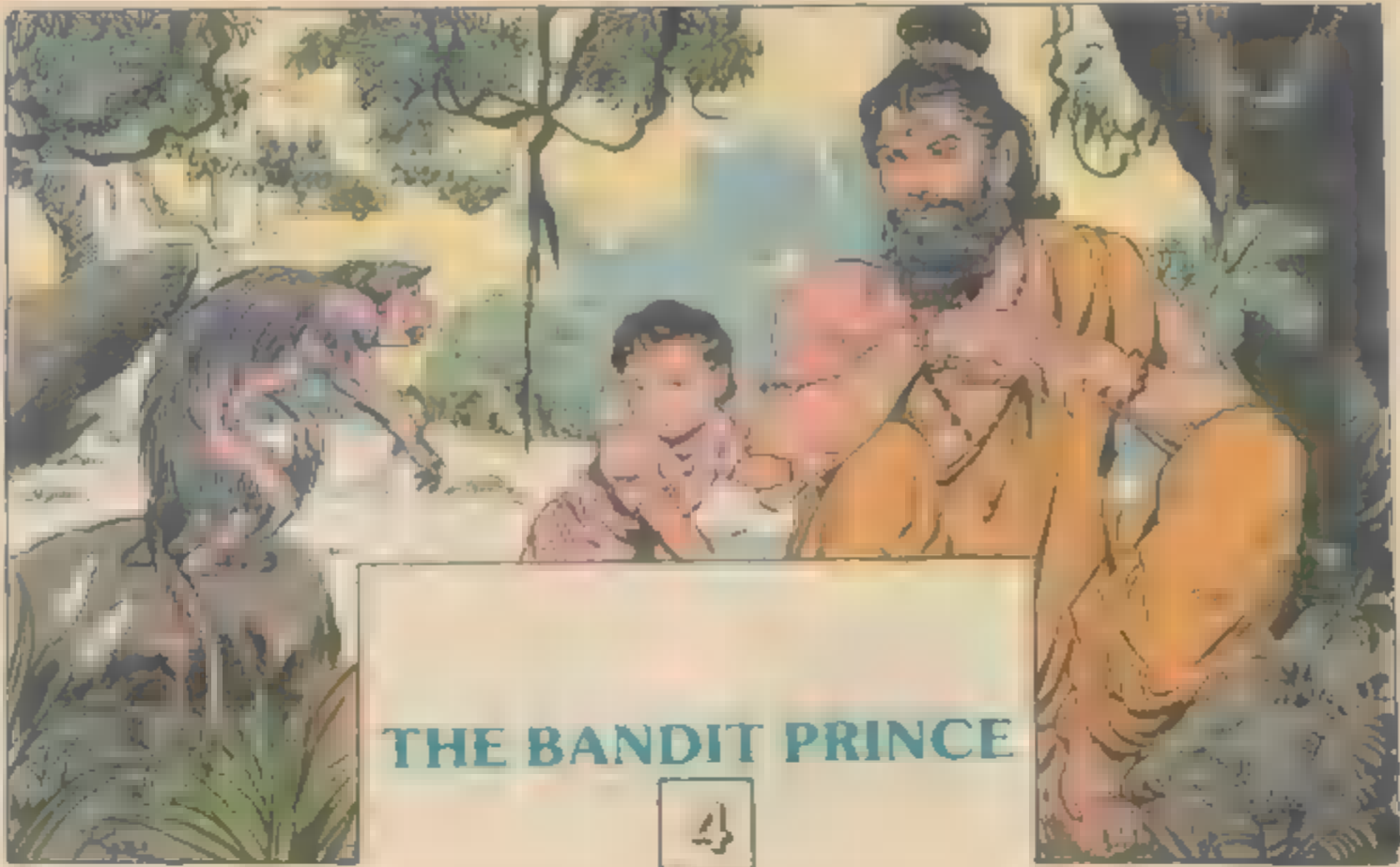
hold Mintu. He stood on his own. Pramod took aim and hurled a stick at his legs, but it missed them. He was given two more chances, but he missed them. Those present could not check their laughter. Pramod felt terribly humiliated. He fled.

"Mintu! If you kept standing today without any fear, what made you run away when Pramod wanted to catch you?" Diwakar asked the boy, giving him a pat on the back.

"I did not know how he would have punished me then. Now, before all my guardians, he could not have done anything he liked. What is more, my father assured me that Uncle Pramod was his playmate and that Uncle Pramod could never hit his target!"

There was an uproarious laughter. Pramod left for the city the same day.





THE BANDIT PRINCE

4

(In a festive night Vir Singh, the general of King Shanti Dev of Sumedh, tries to kill the king. The king sends his queen and the two-year-old prince into the forest through a secret tunnel. He puts forth a valiant resistance against the attack on him and jumps into the river and disappears. Reaching the forest, the queen dies of shock and exhaustion, but not before handing over her child to a hermit named Jayananda.)

As the hermit sat kneeling near the queen's body, a monkey chattered on a branch of the banyan tree overhead. "Come, dear Monku, come down and play with your new friend," said the hermit looking up at the monkey. "But first call Bhalooki. She must take charge of the child."

The monkey gave out a cry of joy and made a spectacular jump

onto another tree and disappeared. The little prince, unable to understand that his mother had breathed her last, was once looking at his mother and once at the hermit.

"You are a brave boy," said the hermit. "You have to achieve much in life. You cannot shed tears over your mother, rather you should prepare to avenge her death. Right?" the hermit told

STRANGE FRIENDS FOR A PRINCE



the prince, fondling him. Needless to say, the child understood nothing, but he smiled and played with the hermit's beard.

The hermit stood up holding the boy in his arms and said again, "But, my child, I have to deprive you of your necklace, for the locket would tell everybody who you are. That would endanger your life. Isn't that so?"

The hermit gently took the chain out of the prince's neck. The child did not murmur about it. Meanwhile Monku the monkey had been back and was chattering enthusiastically, hanging by its tail from the branch overhead. It was trying to amuse the child.

And, from the nearby bush Bhalooki, the affable she-bear came hobbling forward.

"Bhalooki, won't you look after this sweet boy?" the hermit asked her, showing the child. The little prince was at first unwilling to go to her, but the hermit told him, "She will be a very kind, very good nurse to you. She does not stink. She is the only bear in the forest, maybe in the world, who bathes everyday." Looking at the bear, the hermit asked, "Don't you?"

The bear nodded, as if she understood the hermit's question perfectly well. In fact, she did understand it. The hermit was gifted with an unusual power. He could bring any creature of the forest under his command. Even the most ferocious tiger could be tamed by him in no time. There were very few people outside the forest who knew about the hermit and his strange power. The hermit kept it a secret as much as possible. With him lived only two disciples, Ramu and Govind. They learnt meditation and Yoga from the hermit and served him. The hermit, of course, needed very little personal service. He could do without any human assistance, because all the beasts

were at his beck and call. The two disciples had been to Shantipur to witness the birthday celebration of the prince.

Bhalooki extended her arms, ready to receive the prince. The prince hesitated, but there was so much love in the bear's gesture that his hesitation did not last long. Dancing with joy, Bhalooki went away hugging the prince, accompanied by the equally delighted Monku. The hermit looked on happily.

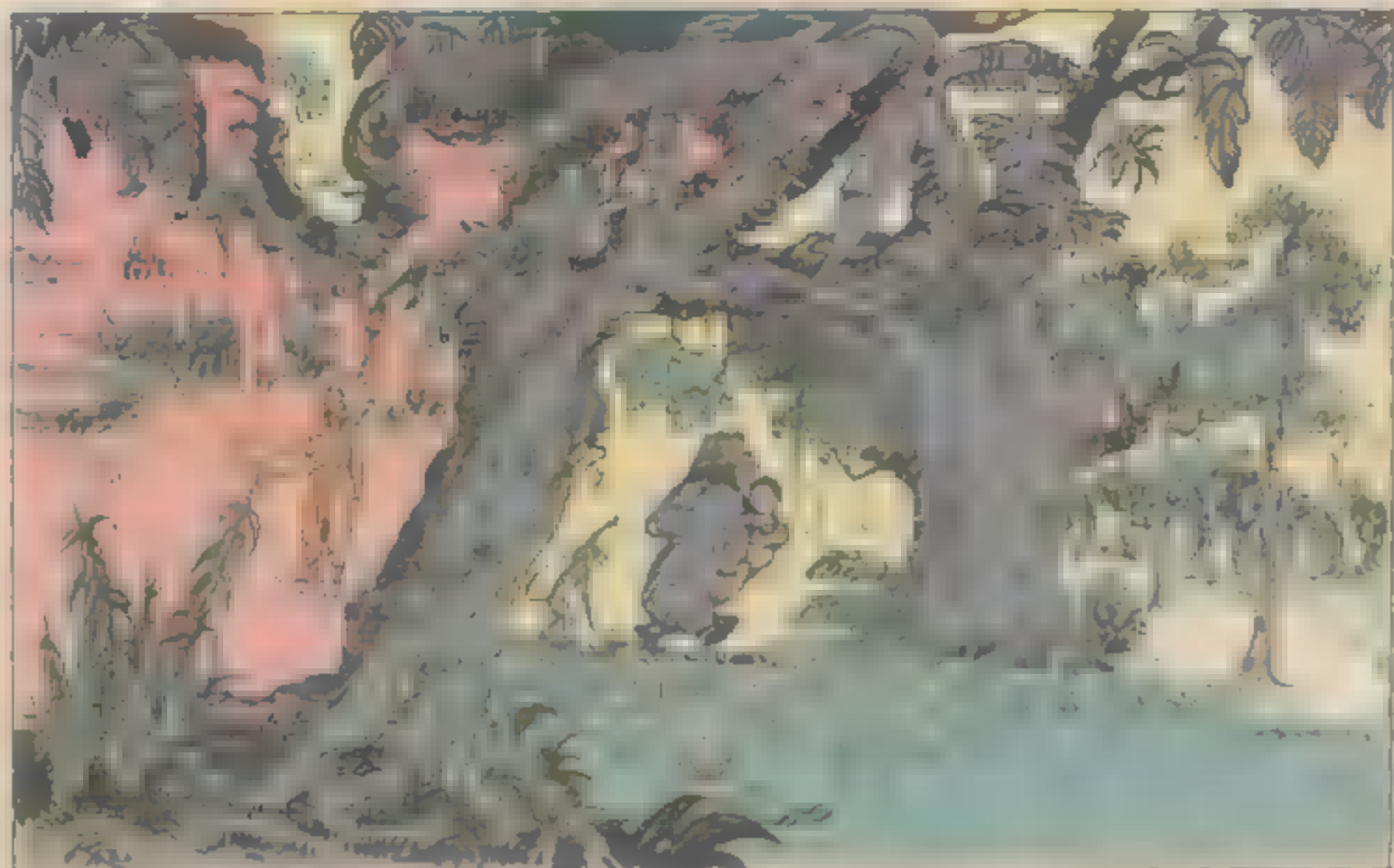
But he grew grave when his eyes fell on the queen's dead body. His two disciples, Ramu and Govind, arrived there. They looked agitated. "What is the matter?" asked the hermit.

"Sir, we have brought some very disturbing news. Some catastrophe had struck the royal family. There are rumours that the king is killed," said Ramu. "And nobody knows where the queen is!" added Govind.

The hermit sighed and pointed his hand at the queen. Ramu and Govind at first stepped back in surprise. Then they stepped forward and had a close look at the queen.

"Is she dead, my lord?" asked Ramu, lowering his voice, sounding sad.

"Yes. She escaped the assassin's sword, but died after leaving her son in our custody. Bhalooki has just taken him away."





informed the hermit.

Govind sighed and said, "I had seen her on her wedding day. She does not look any different even after these three or four years. People say that she was as kind and noble as the king. What a misfortune to befall the kingdom!"

"Now it is our duty to honour her trust in us. We should bring up the little prince in the best possible way. What do you say?"

"Master, we will do everything we can," said Ramu and Govind.

"Now we must arrange for the disposal of the dead body. We do not know the whereabouts of the king. We also do not know who and how powerful his enemy is. It

will not be proper for us to reveal the queen's death to others," said the hermit.

"But what danger can be there in the enemy knowing that the queen is dead? What harm can they do to her any more?" asked Govind.

"They can harm the prince. Once they know that the queen had managed to reach this place, they would know that the little prince must be somewhere here," said the hermit.

Ramu and Govind understood the situation. "Sir, what should we do with the queen's body, burn it or bury it?"

"Let me find out what is her wish!" said the hermit. He then proceeded to the pool at the foot of the waterfall and took bath. Coming back, he sat in meditation near the queen's dead body. Ramu and Govind stood guard over the body. The morning was growing brighter. Birds began to hop from one tree to another and titter and whistle. All else was silent.

The hermit opened his eyes and said, "My boys, the queen's spirit wants her body to be buried. She would also like her son to place flowers on it before the burial. It is not proper to bury



a body immediately after the spirit leaves it. A human body has an invisible aura around it. We should let some time pass so that the aura leaves the body. That is to say, the body should be here till the sunset. You must guard it."

"What if some woodcutters or the Bhils living in the hamlets on the borders of the forest happen to come here?" asked Ramu and Govind.

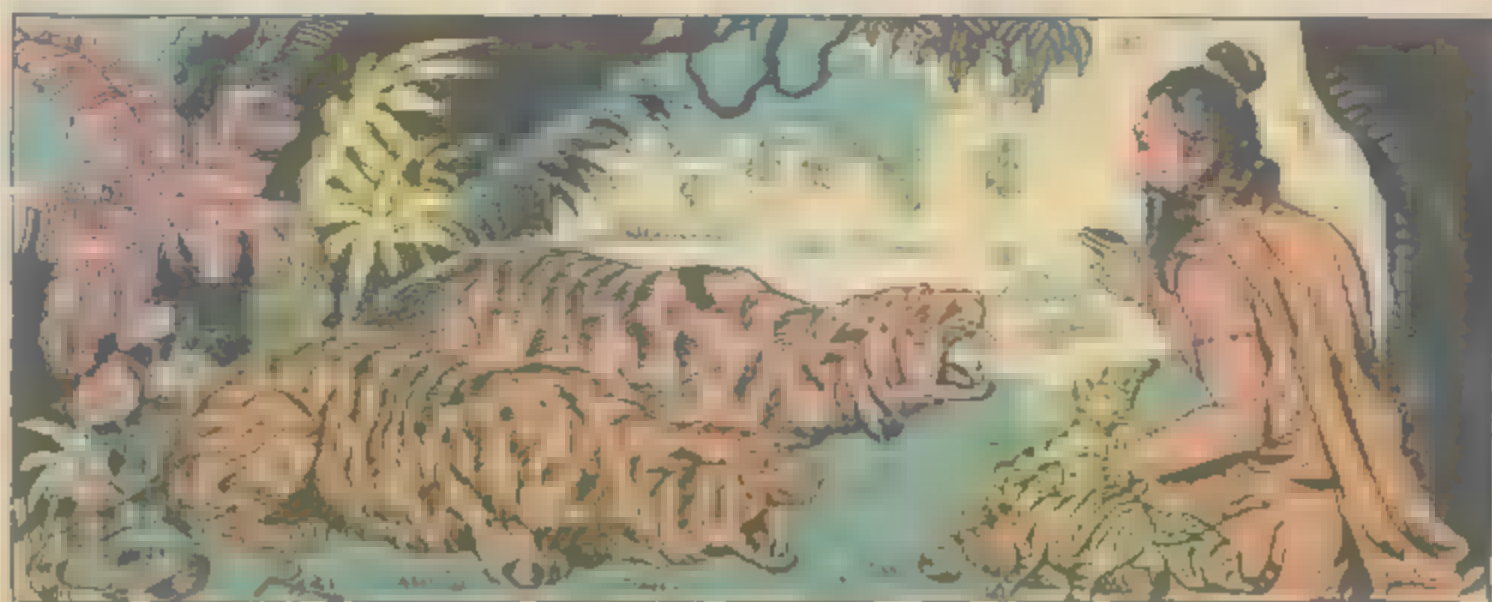
"The woodcutters and the Bhils are good and trustworthy people. They will never divulge ■ thing if we ask them not to. But we will not take a risk," said the hermit. He then uttered ■ certain hymn and waited. It had not been five minutes when a chorus of roars was heard from some distance. The roar came closer. Soon there appeared a large, fearful tiger, a tigress and three

cubs. The tiger and the tigress rubbed their heads against the hermit's legs. All the three cubs tried to jump onto him. The hermit held two of them under his arms and let the third one sit ■ his neck.

"Look here, Bagha and Baghi, you and your cubs must loiter around this place till it is evening, occasionally giving out roars. ■ do not want any human beings to come here today. No outsider should see the queen's dead body lying here. Is it all right?" The tiger and the tigress growled softly, conveying their consent to do as desired by the hermit.

"We must now dig a pit at a suitable place. But let us bring here the little prince once again and let him place flowers on his mother's body," said the hermit.

—To continue





THE BANYAN TREE

Sagardas of Pallipur was known to be an extremely good man. One day, while he was returning from a distant village, he was greeted by Sushil, a man from a neighbouring village. "It seems you are coming from far!" observed Sushil. "Yes, a merchant owed me some money. I went to realise the amount," replied Sagardas.

"Sir, it must be a good amount! Otherwise you could have sent your servant to realise it!" observed Sushil once again.

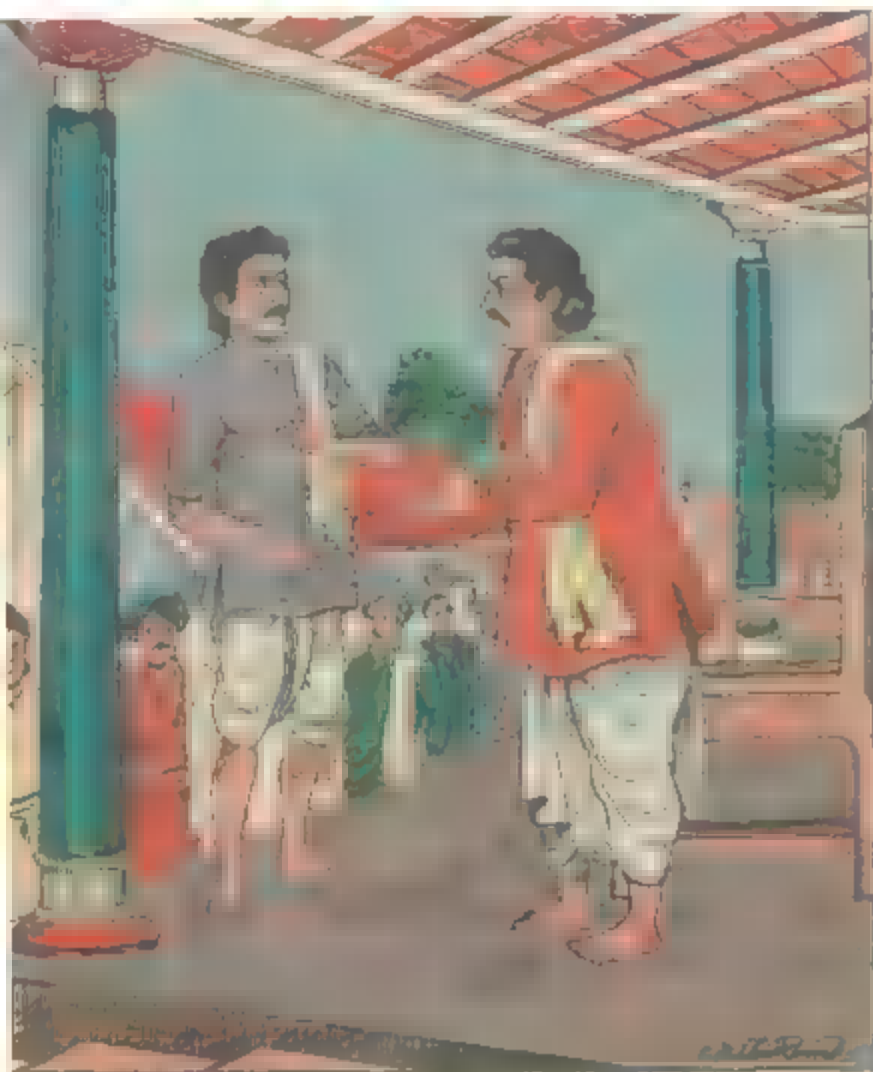
"Well, it is five hundred rupees," said Sagardas. Then, as courtesy demanded it, he asked Sushil, "Where are you going?"

Sushil drew a heavy face. Wiping his eyes, he said, "Sir,

must I narrate my misfortune to you? The monsoon is about to set in. I have not been able to repair my thatch. I don't know how my children would live under the leaking roof. I am looking for a loan of two hundred rupees. I will pay back the loan as soon as I have raised the new crop. I have already been to three money-lenders, but in vain!"

Sagardas had declared that he had money with him. How can he pass by a man who was in such dire need of a part of it? "Sushil," he said, "you may take the amount you need from me. I hope, you will return it in a year's time!"

"Sir! Why should I let a year pass? I will pay it back in six



months!" exclaimed Sushil. Sagardas gave him the amount and Sushil bowed to him and thanked him profusely.

But two years passed and Sushil did not pay Sagardas his due. Several times Sagardas saw Sushil in the weekly market, but Sushil avoided him.

However, one day they came face to face, "Sushil, what about my money?" asked Sagardas.

"Your money? What do you expect me to say about your money?" asked Sushil in turn. Sagardas immediately understood that Sushil plans to play treachery with him. He stared at him. "Don't show your red eyes to me!" shouted Sushil. Some

people who knew both Sagardas and Sushil well and who were passing by, were surprised. Sagardas told them what had happened between Sushil and himself. They led the two to the landlord of the locality who was famous for his wit and wisdom.

The landlord heard the case and asked Sagardas, "Who was the witness to your giving money to Sushil?"

"None. We met under a banyan tree. There was nobody nearby!" said Sagardas with a sigh.

"How do you say so? The banyan tree itself is the witness!" said the landlord. "Go and ask the banyan tree to come here," he added.

Sagardas looked on at the landlord in utter disbelief. But the landlord told him once again to go and call the banyan tree.

Sagardas went away. All those present there wondered if the landlord had gone mad. Sushil looked perplexed. Does the landlord know any magic by which he might bring the banyan tree there? He kept standing with anxiety.

Half an hour passed. The landlord looked at Sushil and asked in a very casual tone, "Why is he so late? How far is the



banyan tree?"

Sir, the banyan tree is a mile away. He cannot be back here so soon!" replied Sushil.

"Which banyan tree?" asked the landlord meaningfully. By then it was too late for Sushil to come out with an explanation.

"You liar, you ungrateful creature! Bring Sagardas's money at once or you will be severely punished," roared the landlord.

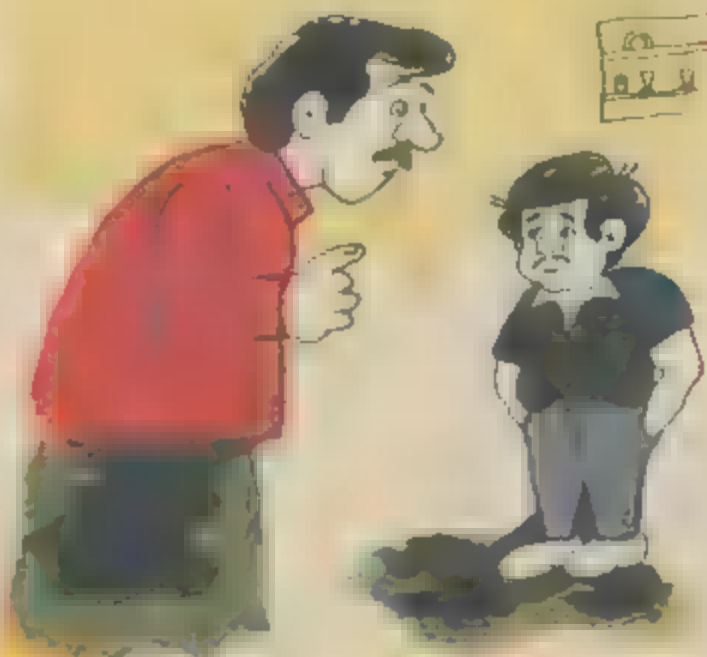
All praised the landlord's wisdom. Sushil had to return Sagardas's money. The people of the locality lost their faith in Sushil forever.

THE IDEA

Tom: Father, will you give me a rupee?

Father: Look here, Tom you're already eighteen. Don't you feel ashamed to ask me for a rupee every now and then?

Tom: (thoughtful) "That had never struck me. Well, Father, please give me ten rupees. Thanks for helping me to mend my ways."





STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

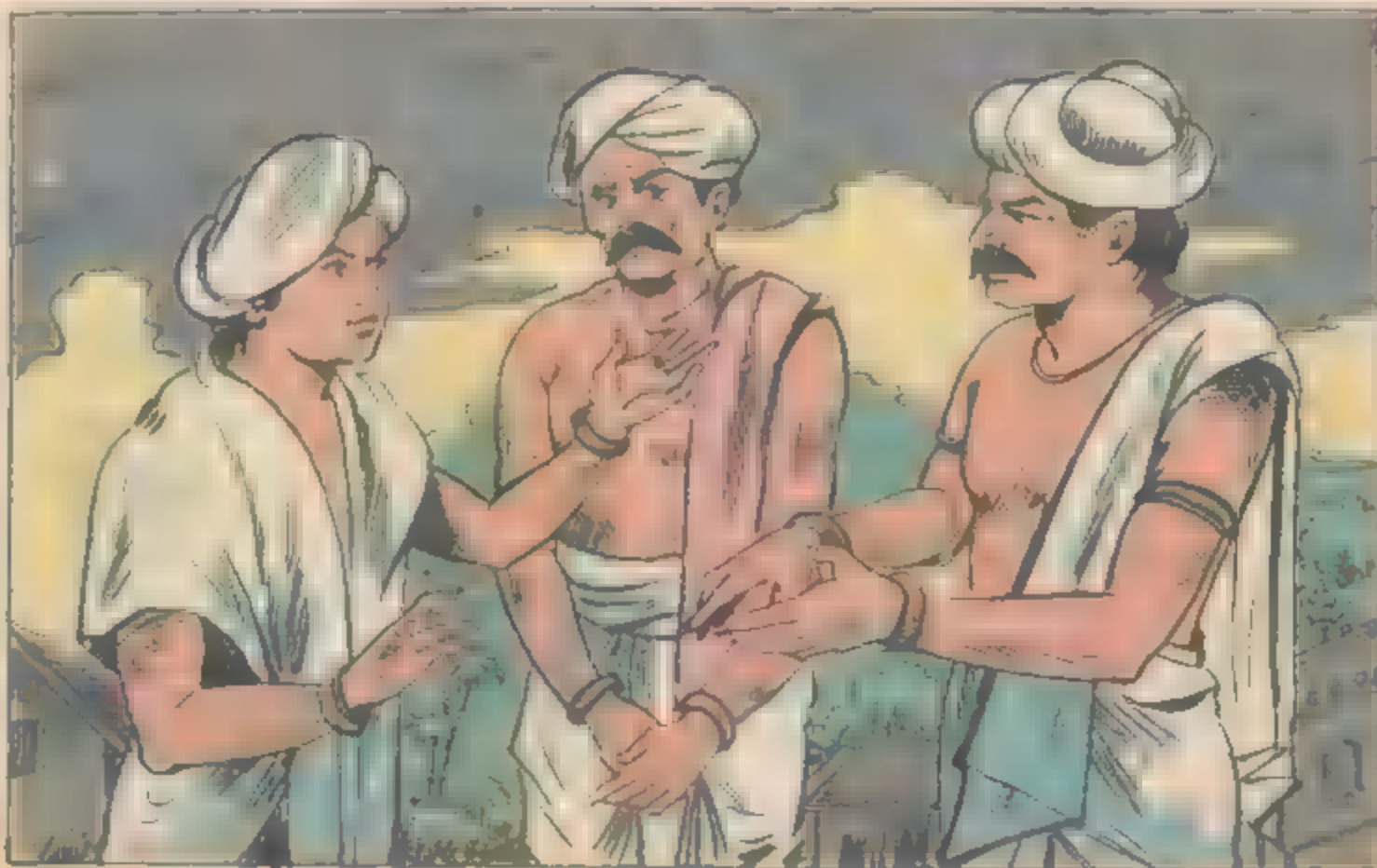
(The Buddha marches on. Thousands of seekers and even orthodox people are charmed by his gospels. They become his disciples. King Suddhodana sends message to him requesting him to visit Kapilavastu. The Buddha comes. His step-brother, Nanda becomes his disciple.)

TREASURES OF A FATHER

Day after day the people of Kapilavastu heard the sermons of the Buddha and grew wiser. The old folks shed tears of joy and wonder as they remembered their young prince whom they loved so much.

"Strange, indeed, are the ways of fate. Who could have thought

our prince would become an ascetic?" some of them would say. Some others would say, "Had Siddhartha continued in his princely life, he would have become a king. There were hundreds and thousands of kings in the past and there will be so many of them in times to come.



What difference would it make if another name had been added to the list? But the Buddha would be remembered more fondly by the people than any monarch!"

King Suddhodana's happiness far outweighed his sadness which he had felt earlier, when his son left for the unknown.

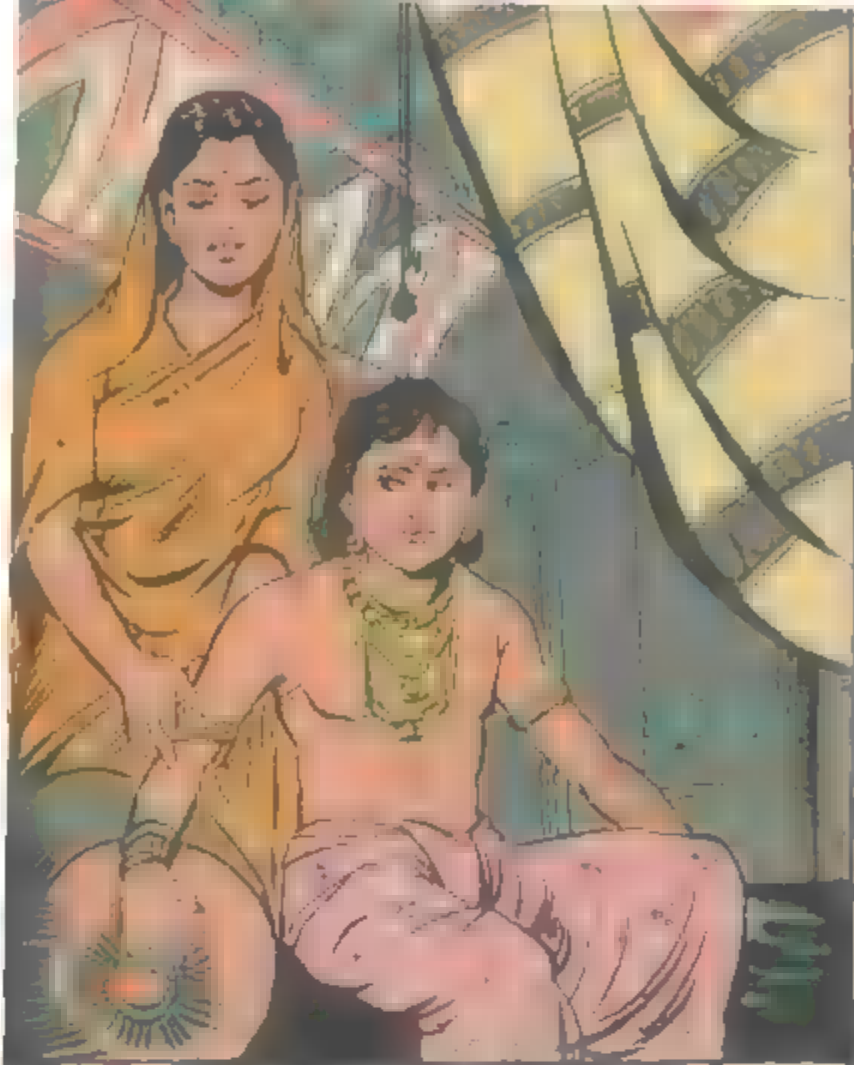
But he received a jolt very soon.

All these days, the young Rahula, the Buddha's son, was observing the happenings with great curiosity and excitement. He had heard that unlike the other princes, his father had given up his claim to the throne

and his right to a luxurious life. He had also seen how the Buddha was received by the people of Kapilavastu. He was used to seeing the people giving very special attention to his grandfather, the king. But that was an attention mixed with fear or at least a sense of duty. But the kind of attention the Buddha received was quite different; it welled out of love and adoration.

Rahula, however, was unhappy because his father did not take note of him. The day the Buddha visited the palace and met Princess Yasodhara, Rahula stood at a little distance, hoping





that his father would bestow a smile of recognition on him if not take him to his arms. But the Buddha's look passed over him in the same way as it passed over his other kinsmen.

Nevertheless, Rahula felt a great attraction for his father. One day he asked his mother, "When will my father visit us again?"

"Why should he visit us again, my son? Don't you see how busy he is with thousands of people thronging him for a little light? Is he not the Buddha, the Enlightened One, the Master for millions?"

"But is he not also my father?"

"Right. If you are so keen to meet your father, why don't you go to him?" said Princess Yasodhara.

And an idea came to her mind. Her husband had once shown her four large caskets filled with precious jewels. She did not know how he had got them, but they were his personal property. The kingdom shall belong to whoever is chosen by the king, but those treasures were Siddhartha's own. It was in fitness of things that his son, Rahula, should get them. But Princess Yasodhara did not know what happened to those caskets. She told Rahula, "My son, if you meet your father, then ask him to pass on to you the treasures he had---treasures which you should own as his heir."

"I will do so, Mother," agreed Rahula.

Princess Yasodhara prepared her son for his meeting with the Buddha. The boy donned a bejewelled dress and put on ornaments that befitted a prince. With escorts he set out to meet his father.

The Buddha was seated amidst his followers when Rahula

greeted him. The Buddha smiled, for he recognised the boy all right.

"Do you wish to say something to me, my son?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, Father!" said Rahula eagerly. He felt overwhelmed at the Buddha addressing him as 'son' and at the chance he got to address the Buddha as 'father'.

But he was too shy to say anything when many people paid attention to him. The Buddha understood his mind. He got up and led the boy away to a lonely place. "What is it that you wish to tell me, my son?" he asked.

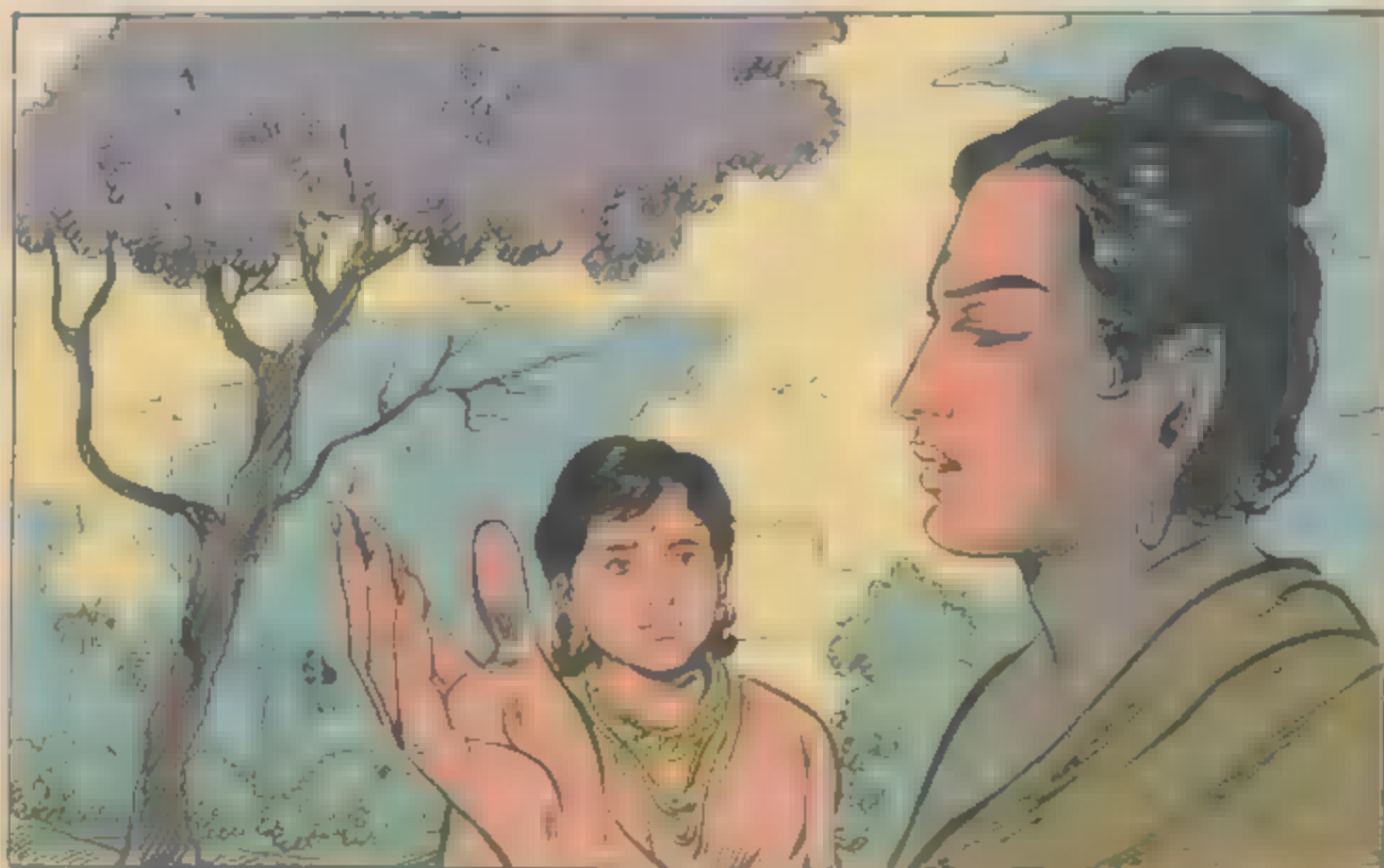
"Father, I should inherit the treasure that belongs to you, should I not?"

"You should."

"I ask for the treasure, Father!" the boy said and stood in silence.

The Buddha too kept quiet for a moment. Then he said in a voice that was steeped in love and wisdom, "It is the duty of a father to pass on to his son the best of treasures he has. Rahula, you will not be deprived of it".

As the Buddha was talking to Rahula, Sariputta, one of his chief disciples, happened to pass by.



"Sariputta!" called the Buddha. "Initiate Rahula into the faith. Teach him whatever he *deserves to know.*"

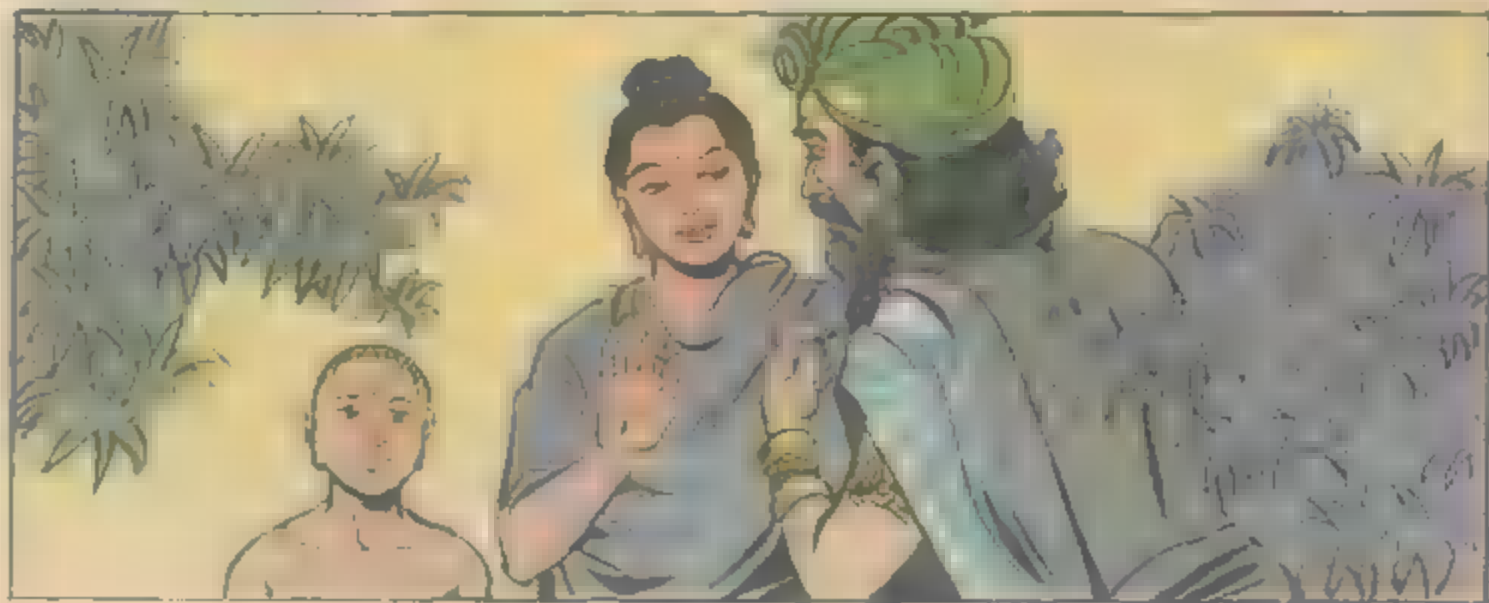
Far from being disappointed, Rahula felt elated. He felt that a great change was coming over him. His heart was filled with peace and bliss. He found it awkward to walk in glittering dress. But he knew that Sariputta, his would-be teacher, did not mind that.

King Siddhodana was shocked at the news of Prince Rahula's initiation into the Buddha's Order. He rushed to the Buddha and said, "O Master, once you were the heir-apparent to the throne of Kapilavastu. As you took to asceticism, my second son Nanda became the heir-apparent. But he too, under

your influence, became a monk, on the eve of his marriage. Now my grandson, Rahula, deserts me. Who then would inherit the kingdom? Who would look after me when I am old or sick? I am not so much bothered about my personal fate as much as about the principle in question. I think, it is your duty to make a rule that no young man should be admitted into your order without his parents' sanction.

The Buddha looked thoughtful. He said after a while, "Even though the call of one's inner being is the most important thing for one, I concede to your demand. Henceforth all young men must obtain their parents' consent in order to be initiated into our Order".

—To continue



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-14

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

WHO IS HE?

In the broad daylight a gentleman was seen standing in the market-place holding a lighted lantern. He held it up to look at everybody who passed by him.

This was Greece. Most of the Greeks in the city knew the gentleman to be a philosopher who appeared quite funny. But this behaviour of his looked too funny for them. Some of them stopped and asked him, "What are you looking for?"

"A man!" was the reply.

"A man? Why! Here is a large crowd of men!" they said with surprise.

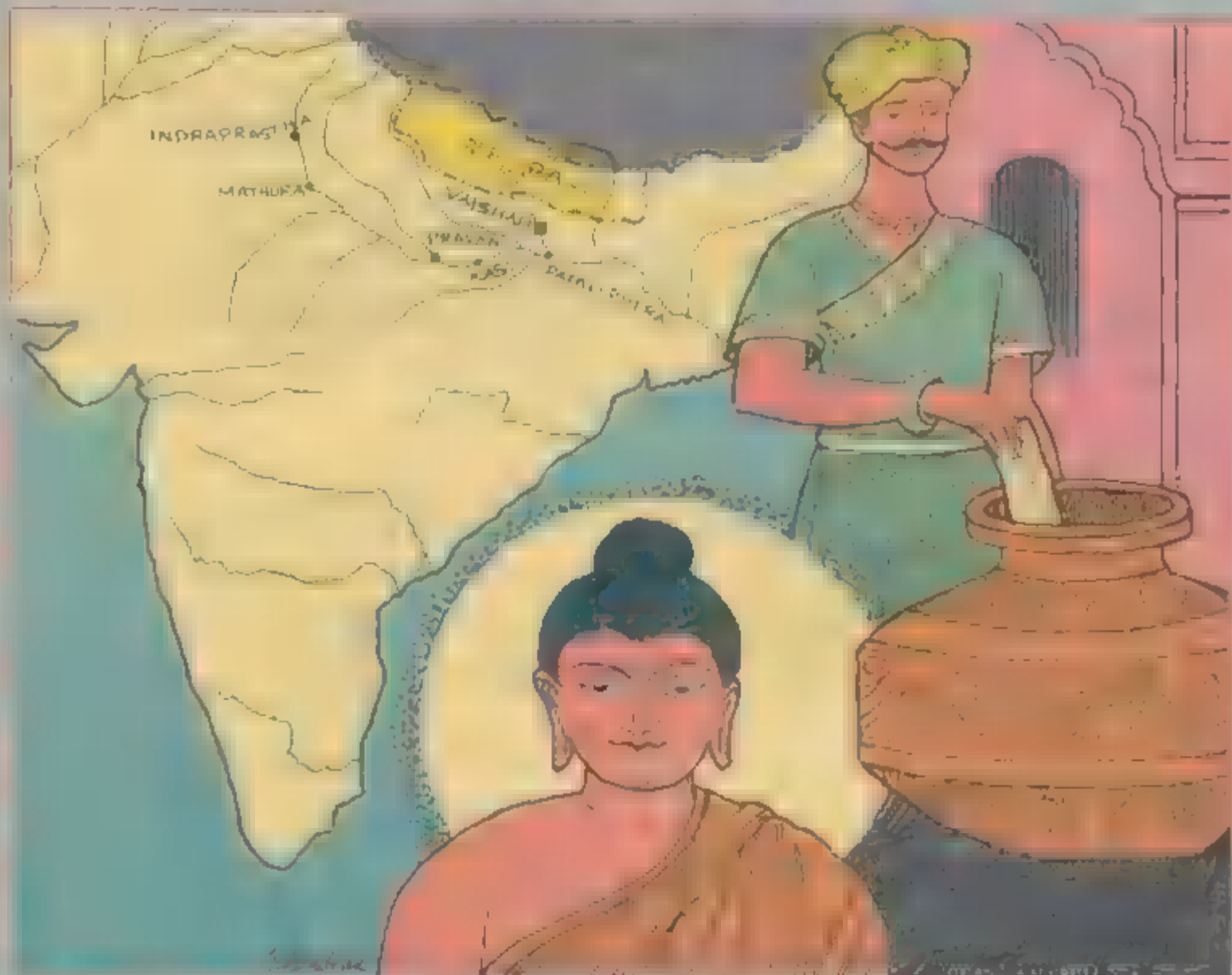
"Do you mean to say that anybody who walks on two legs, can speak and act according to his instinct and impulse is a man?" asked the philosopher.

Who is he?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Who was the first woman to climb Mount Everest?
2. Had Japan ever conquered any part of India?
3. How was the word Nylon coined?
4. Who discovered the planet Pluto and when?
5. Who first spoke of the Lost Atlantis—a civilisation swallowed up by the ocean?
6. Which is the animal that has the skeleton of a bison, the hair of a goat, the tail of a horse, the head of a cow, but which grunts like a pig?

VAISALI— THE CAPITAL OF A REPUBLIC



Do you think that democracy was introduced in India only in recent times? Do you believe that India became a republic only in our time? It is a fact that parts of India enjoyed democracy and had republican forms of government more than two thousand

years ago.

Vaisali was the capital of a people known as the Lichchavis. Their rulers were voted to power by the people. Of course everyone was not eligible to vote. A voter must be a responsible man. The society must believe that he

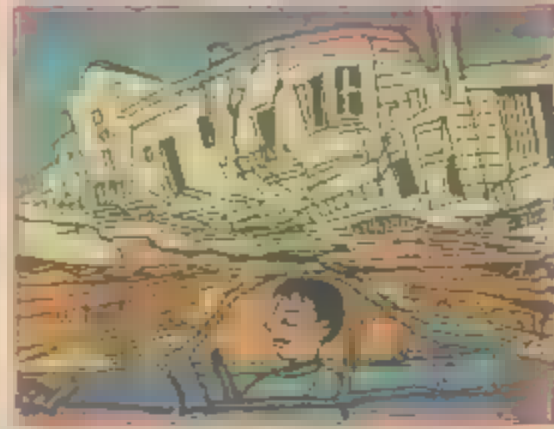
had a sense of responsibility.

We know that the Lichchavis ran their republic at least for a thousand years, from the 6th century B.C. till A.D. 4th century.

Vaisali was a large city and quite prosperous too. The ruins of the city have been discovered near the village Basarh on the north bank of the Ganga in Muzaffarpur district of Bihar. The kingdom of the Lichchavis was spread over the modern Muzaffarpur district and beyond it. The Buddha had paid a visit to the city.

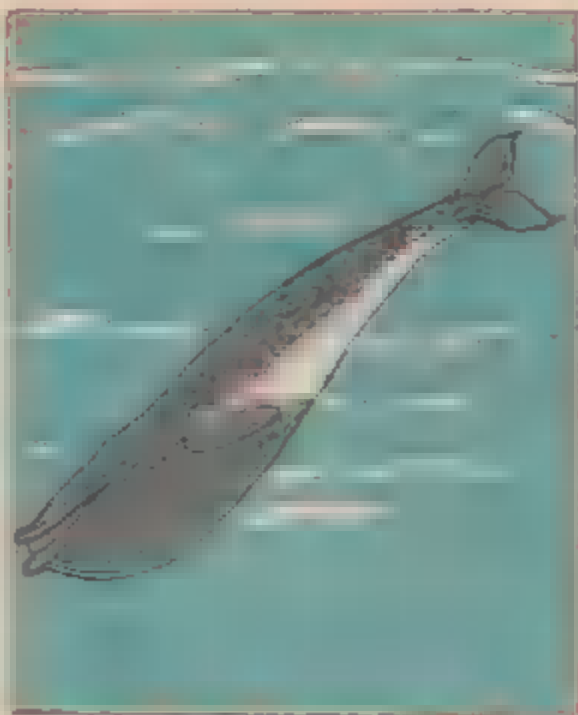
The city and the Lichchavis lost their importance when the Gupta emperors grew powerful.

NEWS FLASH



What is the limit of Human Stamina?

Can you imagine a man living for 90 hours under the debris of his car and the building over it? Buck Helm, who was buried by the recent earthquake in California, was discovered by a rescue party in a half-conscious condition. All experts agree that it was an unusual thing to happen; at the same time it shows man's great capacity to tolerate ordeals.



The Largest Animal to Disappear?

The blue whale is the largest animal on earth. Till recently there were at least ten thousand of them. But their number has come down to a little over two hundred now, according to an organisation known as the International Whaling Commission. Killing of whales, which is illegal, is still going on. Pollution of water may also be another danger to their survival. They may soon become extinct, unless mankind changes its behaviour.

LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Can you name at least three famous writers who never completed their studies in the school?
2. What is the shortest book in the world?
3. Who is the famous writer who has left behind him at least seven signatures with different spellings?
4. Which cities are the venue for the award of Nobel Prizes?
5. Who was the fastest writer in recent times?

ANSWERS

Who is he?

Diogenes.

General Knowledge

1. Mrs. Junko Tabei of Japan.
2. Yes. The Andamans, during the World War II.
3. *Ny* for New York and *Lon* for London.
4. Clyde Tombaugh in 1930.
5. Plato.
6. A yak.

World Literature

1. Charles Dickens, Mark Twain and Maxim Gorky.
2. "Essay ■ Silence" by Elbert Hubbard. The book contained no word except the title.
3. William Shakespeare.
4. Stockholm and Oslo.
5. Erle Stanley Gardner (1889-1970). Once he worked on seven novels simultaneously.

■ the branches of an old banyan tree in the forest lived a squirrel couple. A bonny child was born to them. It was as handsome as it was frolicsome.

“He ought to grow up into a remarkable creature—not remain ■ squirrel like us forever,” his mother told his father.

“Yes, he has every sign of becoming great—like one of those deer here,” agreed the little one’s father. He did not wish his son to become anything else because they had not known any other animal. And because the

deer had hair and stripes like those of the squirrels, the squirrel couple thought that they were just bigger squirrels though known as deer!

“But how can he grow up to become a deer?” asked the mother squirrel.

“Well, how do other kids grow into deer? There must be some method!” observed the father squirrel. He was always logical like this and the mother squirrel could not contest his wisdom. “Better we ask them,” she said.

At night a herd of deer slept



around the banyan tree, amidst bushes. The place was surrounded by rocks or tall ant-hills, with very few openings. So, they considered the cosy place quite safe.

It was a moonlit night. The deer gathered there as usual. The squirrel couple addressed them from a branch of the banyan tree and told them all about their ambition regarding their son, drawing their attention to the little one.

The first to speak was a hefty deer. "I too was a little squirrel when I was born. But through sheer will-power I grew to what I am."

"And look at me," rejoined a heftier deer. "I grew up to this stature through regular exercise, discipline and wrestling with some stout boars."

"And if all the tigers of the forest are scared of me today, it is because I have gathered more muscle-power than them," said a third deer who was no less hefty.

The squirrels of course did not know what was meant by tigers. Nevertheless they were impressed.

"That is fine, but how can our little baby become like you? What should he do, to begin with?" asked the mother squirrel.

"To begin with? Hm!" said the



hefty deer.

"Well, to begin with, um, um..." the heftier deer stopped there.

"It is late enough tonight. We will pass on the secret to you another time," said the no-less-hefty deer and he added in a commanding voice, "Now, all to sleep!"

And all fell asleep; but not the little squirrel. He kept on gazing at the deer. He wondered how they could become so big. Yes, they too had stripes and they too had hair like his parents, though their hair slightly differed in colour.

His parents were asleep. He

hopped down to a bush and then leaped on to a rock to have a closer look at the deer. But what does he see? Two human beings were stealthily doing something. He knew the human beings to be very clever animals who lived outside the forest. He observed that these two human beings had closed all the openings with their nets. They were now putting a finishing touch to closing the last opening.

Why were they doing this? Surely not to catch the squirrels! They must be planning to catch the deer. They worked so cautiously and quietly that no deer was aware of the terrible fate



awaiting them.

As one of the two men was tying the last knot, the little squirrel jumped onto his nose. The man gave out ■■ involuntary shriek. The net fell from his hand. The deer woke up. They found all the openings shut, but got away through the solitary opening which had not been shut.

The little squirrel's parents too had woken up. They became anxious when they found that their son was missing. But soon the little one was back with them and he told them what he did.

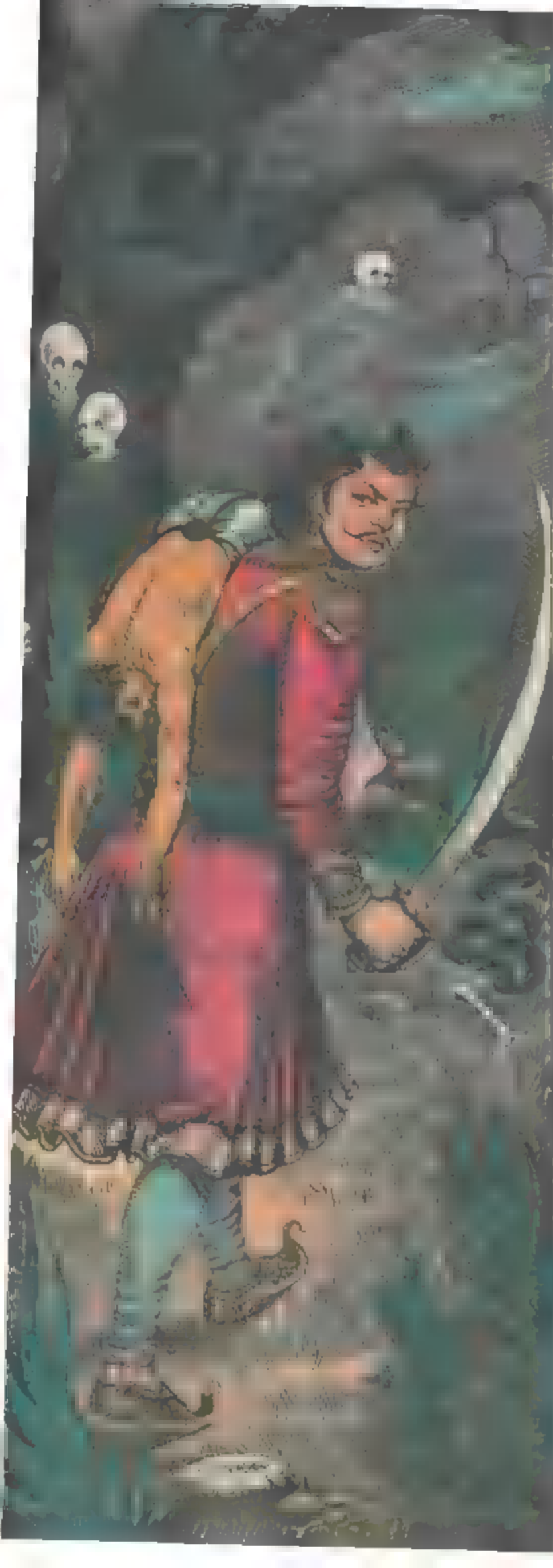
An old owl who lived in the hollow of a neem tree opposite, told the deerfolk when they were

back, "You loud-mouths! What happened to your muscle-flexing and frightening the tigers? Today all of you would have been captured by the human beings. You would have been killed for flesh or imprisoned in ■ zoo. The little squirrel saved you. Bow to him and confess your lies to him. Nature has made him a squirrel as Nature has made you deer and made me an owl. Our ideal should be to be good and brave, not to become someone else. Just as ■ squirrel can be a noble squirrel, ■ deer ■■■ be an ignoble deer or vice versa."

The deer stood ashamed. They apologised to the squirrels.

—Vindusar.





NEW TALES OF KING
VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE

THE COURT DANCER

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, ■ soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke, "O King, your courage is commendable. Only one in ten million can brave into this place at such an unearthly hour and do what you are doing. Surely, you have a certain goal to achieve. But once you have achieved that, would you remember to reward your friends and punish your foes? There are



instances of kings forgetting such duties of theirs. Let me cite an example to you, to make my point clear. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: This happened centuries ago. Tamralipta was a small kingdom between Kalinga and Jayanagar. Once Tamralipta was a vassal state of Kalinga. But after King Devamitra of Tamralipta married the princess of Kalinga, the king of Kalinga granted Tamralipta the status of an independent kingdom.

King Devamitra of Tamralipta was a great lover of different arts

such as music, dance, painting, etc. He patronised not only the artists of his own kingdom, but also those who belonged to the neighbouring kingdom.

One day, while the king was holding his court, some of his officers presented before him a beautiful young lady. "Your Majesty, this lady was found lying unconscious on a boat in the river at the frontier of our kingdom. We rescued her. She looked all right, but she refuses to talk," they said.

The king looked at the stranger with kindness and told his officers, "We can imagine the state of her mind. Obviously she and the members of her family were travelling by boat when it capsized. Perhaps all the others who were in her party are drowned. No wonder that she is shocked."

Then the king asked the lady, "Am I right?"

She said nothing, but tears rolled down her cheeks.

"It seems I am right. Take her to the queen. Maybe she will open her heart to the queen."

Queen Bhudevi was an extremely kind-hearted lady. She took great care of the

stranger and gave her proper food and clothes. She was put up in an apartment of the palace.

When the king retired into his palace at the end of the day, he asked the queen, "Did the stranger tell you about herself?"

"My lord, all I have been able to know is her name which is Mallika. She says that she has forgotten everything except that she is an artist and a dancer. She is a gifted artist indeed. I asked her to draw her self-portrait and she drew it in ten minutes. Here it is!"

The king was amazed at the drawing. "Is she as good at dance as she is at drawing?" he asked the queen.

"Well, I have prepared her for a performance before you. Are you ready to witness it?" asked the queen.

"I am," said the king. Mallika performed her dance. The king and the queen were charmed. There was nobody in Tamralipta who could be compared to her in the art of dance.

The king talked to her for an hour and found out that she knew how to teach and organise dances. She was also well-versed in the theories of dance.



"Mallika, I wish to make you our court-dancer and at the same time the Director in the Department of Dance and Music," the king said. Mallika bowed to him.

The minister met the king early in the morning the next day. "My lord, is it true that you are giving the position of the Director of Dance and Music to that unknown lady?"

"Minister, why should we consider her unknown. An artist should be known by his or her art. And we have already known her by her art which is superb!"

The minister kept quiet. Mallika found an important



place for herself in the administration. She formed an academy to promote dance and music. She influenced the noblemen of Tamralipta to send their daughters to the academy. Soon there was a new awakening all over Tamralipta in regard to dance, drama and music.

Mallika also became the greatest attraction in the court of Tamralipta. She performed her dance on the occasions of the birthdays of the king and the queen and was highly acclaimed. She was friendly with the nobility and the king's high officials who gave her whatever help she needed for the success of her

academy. Mallika grew quite influential.

It was a winter night. Suddenly the chief of the palace staff woke up the king and said in a tense voice, "My lord, the army of Jayanagar has surrounded the palace!"

"How could they find their way through the city gate?" asked the surprised king.

"I am afraid, the gate must have been opened by Mallika. She must have managed to get the key from the gate-keeper. Our spies reported to us about the gate-keeper visiting Mallika's house after the gate was locked for the night!"

"What is to be done now?" asked the king.

"My lord, I have despatched guards to alert our general. Our army will soon come out of the barracks to fight the invaders, but there is no chance of our victory. We are unprepared; the enemy is well-prepared. The only issue before me is to save you and the queen," said the chief of the palace staff. He obliged the king and the queen to put on the clothes of servants and led them to the servants' quarters of the palace. Soon the enemy broke

into the palace, but they did not find the king and the queen.

Next day, in the same disguise, the queen was sent to Kalinga, to her parents. King Devamitra proceeded to meet his friend, the Bhil chieftain who lived in a forest.

On the way to the forest through a village, he saw a palmist reading the palms of passers-by for a fee. The king became curious. He showed his palm to the man who said, "You are going through a crisis. But you will emerge successful. Have courage."

The king was greatly encouraged. He paid the palmist his fee and left. But as he was leaving, he overheard a dialogue between a villager and the palmist. To a question from the villager, the palmist replied, "There is no question of Tamralipta defeating Jayanagar!"

King Devamitra reached his friend, the Bhil chieftain, safely. Meanwhile the queen had reached the capital of Kalinga. Secret messages were exchanged between King Devamitra and the king of Kalinga. A plan to free



Tamralipta from the clutches of Jayanagar was drawn. One day the large and powerful Kalinga army struck Tamralipta. The native army of Tamralipta, which knew that the Kalingans had come to liberate their kingdom, sided with them. While the army of Jayanagar faced the Kalingans, the Bhils attacked them from the rear. The Jayanagar army was routed. The Kalinga army, after liberating Tamralipta, marched upon Jayanagar. Soon Jayanagar was conquered. It was made a part of Tamralipta.

Mallika was arrested while she was trying to cross over to



Jayanagar.

King Devamitra was on the throne once again. The first thing he did was to ban the roadside practice of palmistry and astrology. But he established an institution where palmistry and astrology were studied in depth and students who passed the test were issued certificates.

Mallika was brought before the king as a prisoner. The king told her in a stern voice, "You are no longer the Director of Dance and Music. However, you may continue as a court dancer!"

Mallika stood with her head hung. She wept and then bowed to the king and left.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram. "O King, I have some questions to ask you. Isn't King Devamitra's conduct quite puzzling?"

The roadside palmist's prophecy had encouraged him. Why then did he ban the practice? On the other hand he hardly punished Mallika who had clearly betrayed his faith. Generally spies like Mallika were hanged. Why was the king so soft to her? Answer me, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram. "The roadside palmist's prophecy had encouraged the king, true, but his next prophecy to a villager, overheard by the king, was dangerous. Such prophecies were likely to weaken the confidence of the people. The king also understood that though the palmist's prophecy for him sounded good, it was a bluff. The king's future could not be bright if Tamralipta was not freed from the conquerors. Now, about Mallika. Once she had been exposed, she cannot spy on Tamralipta any more. Besides,



for whom would she spy and where would she go? Jayanagar had ceased to exist; it had become a part of Tamralipta! She could be punished with death, but is it not wiser to make use of her talent? If she is an excellent dancer, why should the

king deprive his court of her service? The king was quite practical in retaining her as his court-dancer."

No sooner had King Vikram finished giving the answers than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

HAVE YOU MET THIS "INTELLIGENT" BOY?

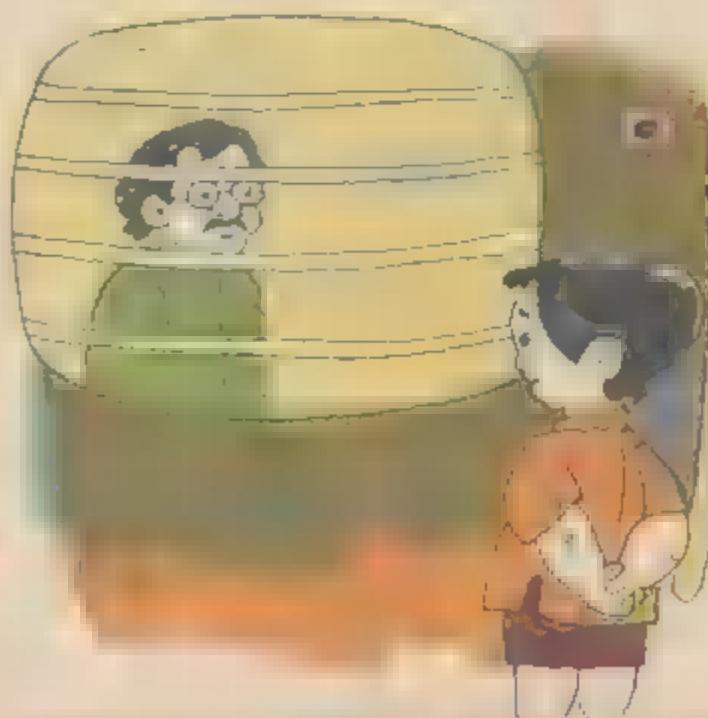
A gentleman was much impressed by the intelligent talks of a smart boy he met in the train. When the boy got down at his destination, the gentleman said, "If you tell me your father's telephone number, I can call you some time."

"That is there in the directory."

"Of course. And what is his name?"

"That is also there in the directory!"

The train started.



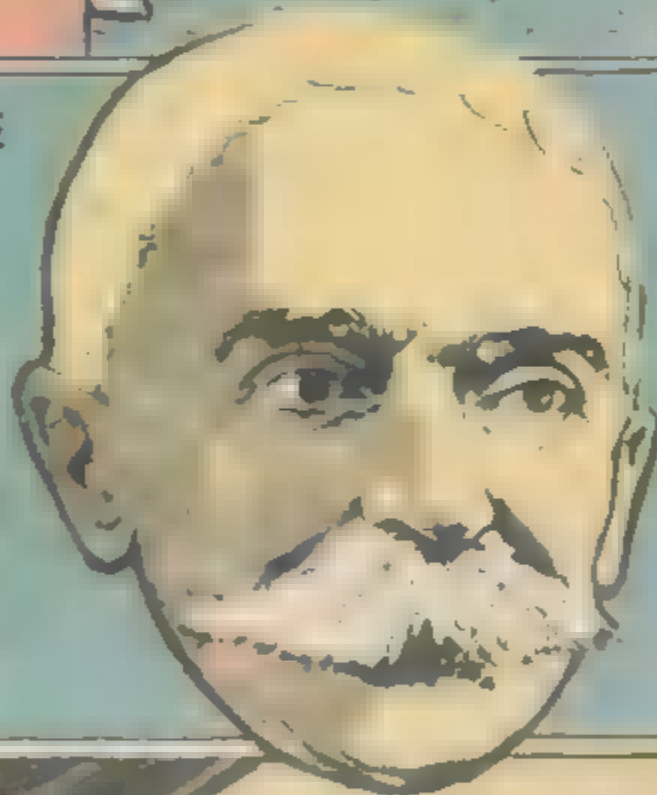
WIMBLEDON

THE FIRST WIMBLEDON LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP TOOK PLACE IN 1877.



FATHER OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

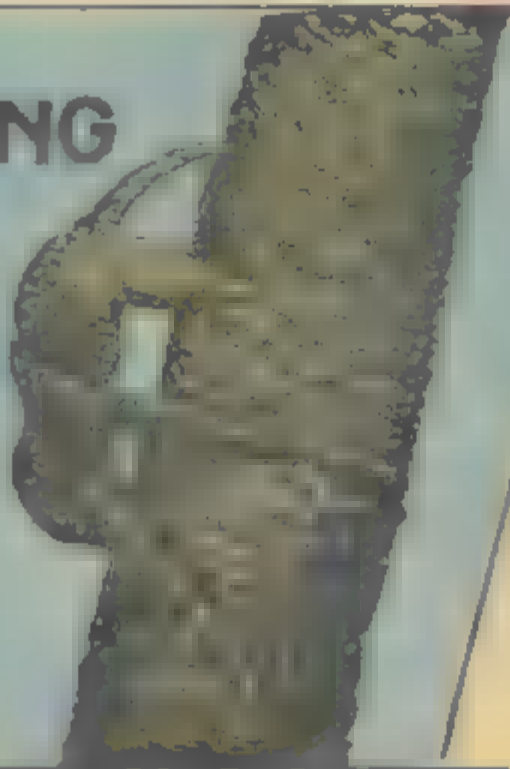
THE MODERN OLYMPIC GAMES WERE INSTIGATED BY FRENCHMAN PIERRE DE COUBERTIN AND WERE INAUGURATED IN ATHENS IN 1896.



BOXING RINGS

THE RING FOR PROFESSIONAL BOXING IS LARGER THAN THAT USED BY AMATEURS. THE PROFESSIONAL RING MEASURES 4.27—6.10 SQ.M. AND THE AMATEUR IS 3.66—4.88 SQ.M.

TREE CLIMBING CRAB



THE ROBBER CRAB (BIRGUS LATRO) CLIMBS TREES TO EAT COCONUTS

THE SPINE TAILED SWIFT IS CONSIDERED TO BE THE FASTEST ANIMAL ALIVE. IT HAS BEEN RECORDED FLYING AT 106.25 MPH. (171 KM/H).

FASTEST ANIMAL



BUILT-IN ANTI-FREEZE

MOUNTAIN CROWFOOT (RANUNCULUS GLACIALIS), WHICH GROWS HIGH UP ON MOUNTAINSIDES, IS PROTECTED FROM FROST DAMAGE BY ITS RICH CELL FLUID WHICH ACTS LIKE ANTI-FREEZE!





Tales from many lands (Ukraine)

When To Relax And When To Act

In the northern frontier of Ukraine there is a peaceful village named Luvar. The people work in their fields and live happily. The fields yield them enough; the river gives them plenty of water; the neighbours are ready to help one another.

But, as in any other village in the world, there are always some villagers who are more active than the others and a few who are less active than the others. But there was one man in the village Luvar who did not fall into either category, for he just did not work! He was Nikhailo. A piece of his land was tilled by another farmer who supplied him with three meals a day. So far as a cup of tea was concerned, Nikhailo knew how to earn it. He would just step into one of his neighbours' house and say, "It is pretty cold today isn't it?"

"It is, Nikhailo, it is. It is

always very cold for one who does not wish to move out of one's shelter. But perhaps you would like to warm yourself with a cup of tea!" the neighbour would observe courteously. And, of course, Nikhailo would have his cup of tea.

Now, it so happened that Nikhailo's uncle died leaving him a piece of vineyard. "You have to work very little, but you will get plenty," the uncle told Nikhailo before closing his eyes forever. Nikhailo very smartly agreed to do the necessary "very little".

But that was all he did. He did not even go to see the field.

A vixen (a she-fox) and her cubs lived in a comfortable hole in the field. The cubs played and frolicked about freely all over the field, for nobody ever visited it. But in the spring came, Nikhailo finally walked over to the field. He stood on a small mound of

earth and surveyed the field and yawned and said, "Tomorrow I must come and uproot all the grass!" Then he went away.

The fox-cubs who had seen and listened to him with bated breath, ran to their mother and said, "A man is coming to denude the field of all the grass. He will find us out and probably kill us. What to do?"

"Which man are you speaking of? Nikhailo? Don't you worry, my children. Play on as usual," said the mother fox and she dozed off!

Indeed, there was no sign of Nikhailo the next day or the day after!

But he was there once again after three months. He took position on the mound and said again, "I see, the grass has become very tall! Tomorrow I will come and cut it all!" Then he went away.

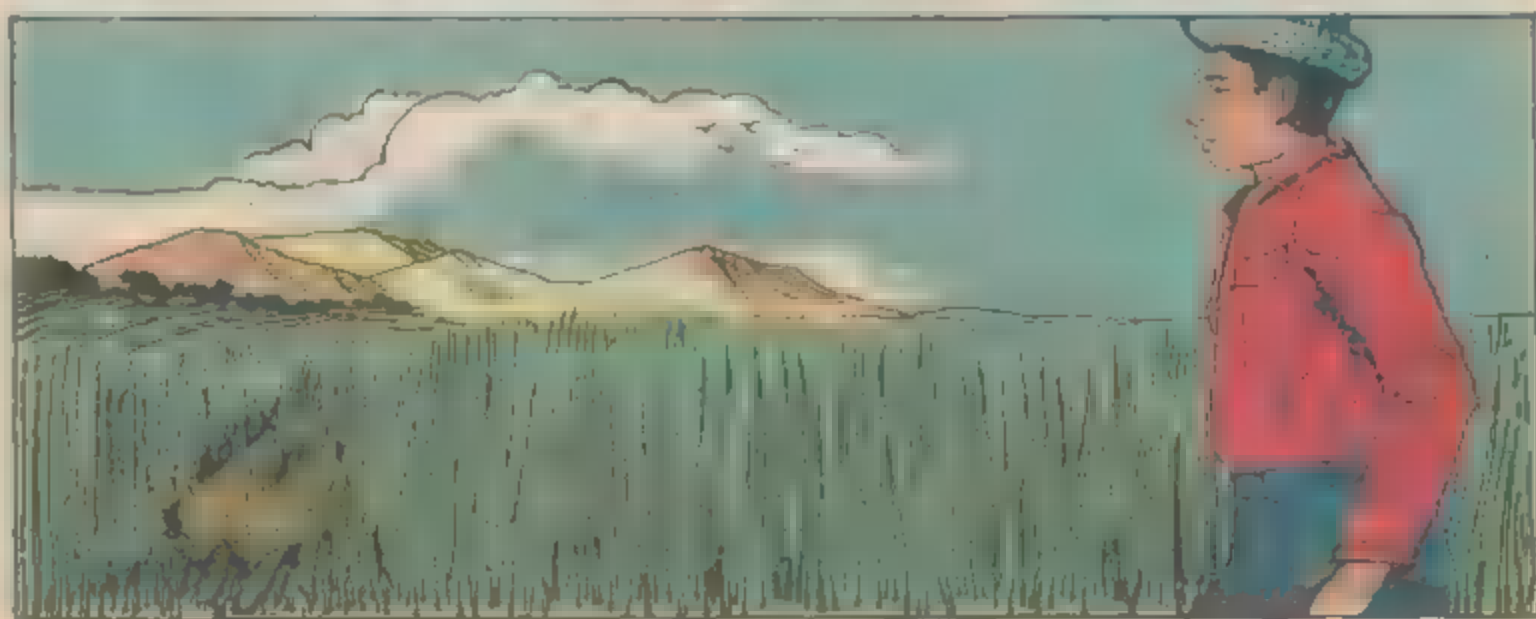
The cubs reported the matter to the mother, with less anxiety this time. The mother nodded and said, "Never mind!"

Another three months passed. Nikhailo appeared there once again. By then the grass had dried up. "I see," he said, "I think I should fetch a little fire and burn the dry grass!"

He left, and this time the fox-cubs did not even feel it necessary to report the man's observation to their mother. But the mother fox shouted at them, saying, "Come on, children, we leave at once!"

The children obeyed their mother. They had just reached the river-bank when they saw the field on fire!

"To put fire to something is so easy that even Nikhailo would do it!" the vixen explained to her cubs.



SOMETHING THAT IS EVERYTHING



One day Emperor Akbar was going back to Agra when he saw a crowd under a big tree. He heard that a very wise sage sat there.

Akbar returned to the place, disguised as a commoner and met the sage and asked him to pass on some wisdom.



"Give me something that's everything and I will give you wisdom," said the sage. Akbar was puzzled.

Back in the palace Akbar told Birbal what happened. "My lord, I have plenty of that thing," said Birbal.



Both Akbar and Birbal disguised themselves to meet the sage. Akbar was surprised that Birbal was not carrying anything with him.



"Have you brought something that is everything?" the sage asked. Akbar looked at Birbal. Birbal picked up a handful of dust.

"Here it is. Man or movement, prince or peasant, sage or fool, plant or animal, all become dust. This is something that is everything," said Birbal.



The sage looked at Akbar and said, "You wanted wisdom from me. One who has this man as his friend needs no wisdom from me."



The Spook and the Magic Bell

Once a strange situation arose in the village Giripur. Nobody could sleep at night. There were sound of bells everywhere!

It happened like this. Babu of the village was a petty trader in bangles. He received his supply from a merchant in a distant bazar and ferried his ware in a handcart, pushing it from village to village.

One day he went into a village that was new for him. "Mothers, sisters and daughters! Here are bangles—glittering ones, beautiful ones, solid ones—for all of you!" he shouted and rang his bell. There was magic in his voice; there was even more magic in his bell. Ladies peeped through their doors and windows. Then they came to their verandahs. Babu did good business. It was

quite late by the time he left the village and headed for home.

It was a bright moonlit night. He decided to take a short-cut to his village through a desolate meadow. There was not a soul to be seen anywhere along that road. The road passed touching a cremation ground and generally people avoided it at night.

As a little fear crept into his mind, Babu started ringing the bell. Suddenly he felt a pull in his hand. He found his bell gone! Taken aback, he looked in every direction. The sound of the bell came from his left. He saw an aerial figure running away with the bell. Babu understood that he has lost his bell to a kind of spook, a spirit.

He pushed his handcart as fast as he could and reached the village. The leading villagers

were discussing some problem in the temple courtyard. He almost collapsed before them and said how his bell was snatched by a spook.

If some people believed him, some others thought that he had gone mad. They advised him to calm down and dispersed.

But soon after it was midnight the sound of bell was heard practically in front of every house. Those who looked through their windows saw the jolly spook ringing the bell and dancing with joy. He went from door to door and sometime flew up. Obviously he enjoyed ringing the bell and enjoyed making everybody hear it.

In the morning it was found that a bell which was in the school was missing. Next night the spook was seen sporting a bell around his neck, while holding another. Soon two to three other bells belonging to different villagers were gone. And all of them were found hanging against the spook's chest. He danced more happily and the sound became louder. The villagers could not sleep.

At last they enrolled the services of an exorcist. He was known to be an expert at driving away



spirits. He took position at the village square at night, ready for a confrontation with the spook. As soon as the sound of the spook's bells was heard, the exorcist began to recite his abracadabra.

Alas, far from fearing him, the spook pounced on him and snatched the bell which was hanging on his chest!

The exorcist conceded defeat and left the village. The villagers did not know what to do!

When this was the situation, Vasant happened to visit his maternal uncle's house in the village. "Let me try to put an end to the spook's mischief," he said.

The villagers had faith in him, because he was an intelligent young man and magic was his hobby.

He stood on the village square at night, ringing a big bell. The spook appeared before him at midnight and tried to scare him by blowing fire from his mouth and making eerie shrieks. But Vasant kept on ringing the bell.

"You seem very brave! You are not scared of a great spook like me! No other villager dares to come out before me!" said the spook.

"Why should I fear you? I appreciate your taste for bells. Like you, I am a lover of bells,"

said Vasant.

"You have a very big bell. Give it to me," said the spook.

Vasant laughed. "My dear spook, what will you do with this bell? You can never ring it!" he said.

"Don't speak nonsense. How can I fail to ring it when you ring it all right?" demanded the spook, quite annoyed.

"You can't ring it, I bet."

"I can ring it, I bet."

"All right. If you fail to ring it, will you leave the village forever?" asked Vasant.

"I will," promised the spook.

Vasant handed over the bell to the spook. The spook shook it





madly, but no sound came out of it. He examined it and saw that it had no clapper inside it.

"You can't hoodwink me. There is no clapper inside. How can it ring?" demanded the spook.

"That is why I said that you cannot ring it, but I can. In other words, I have more power than any spook or spirit has!" said

Vasant. Taking back the bell, he shook it. It rang!

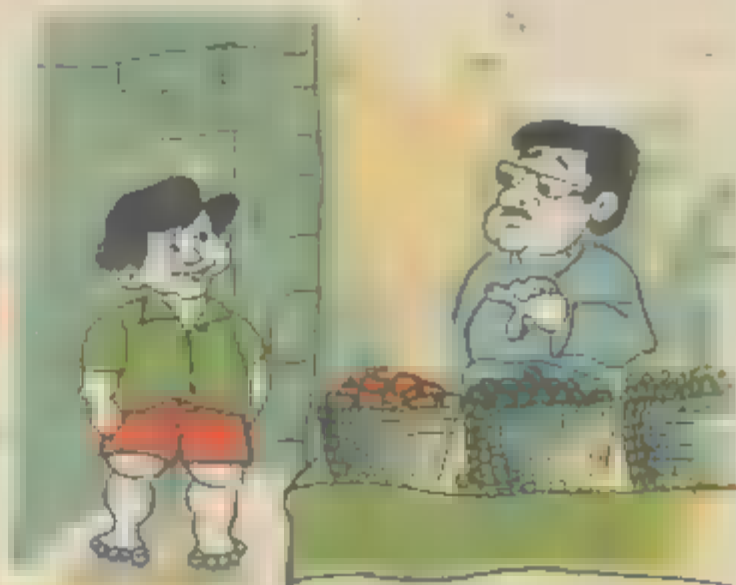
Casting a bewildered look at Vasant, the spook flew away. It never came back to the village again.

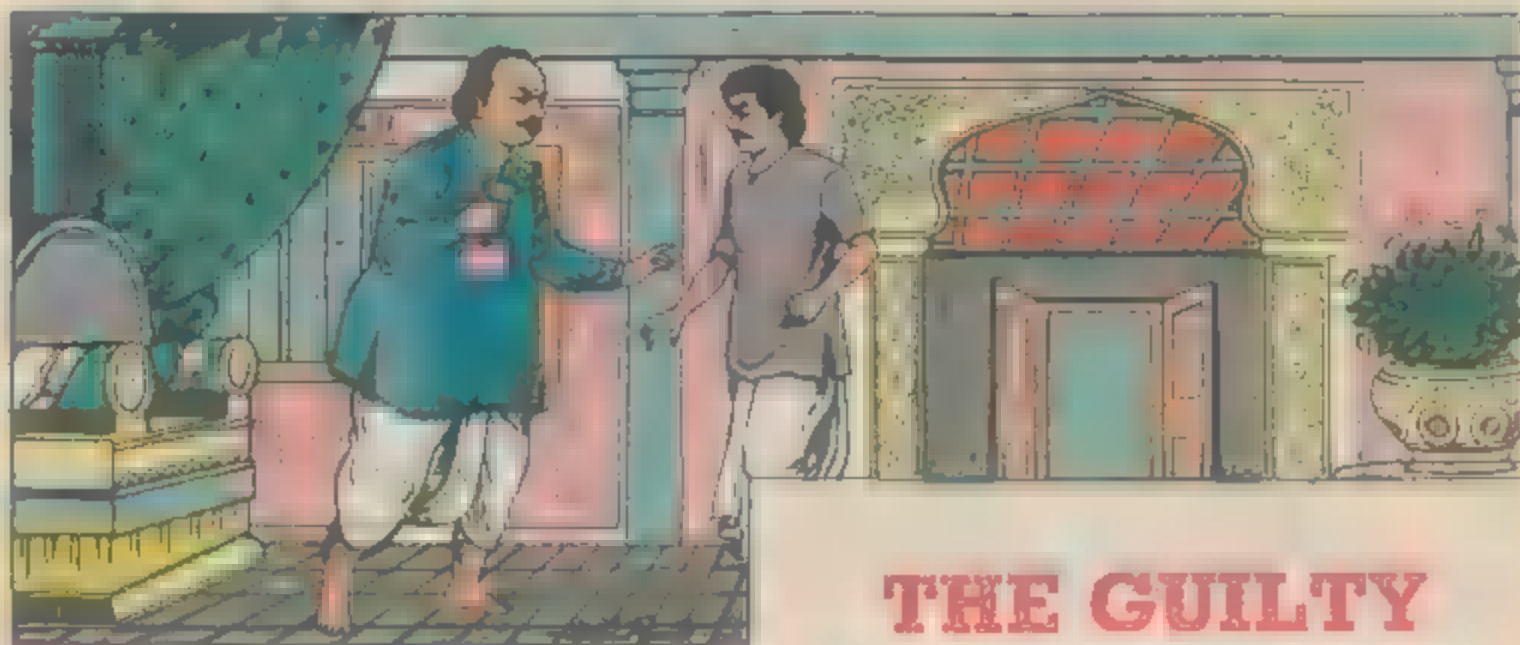
Vasant had tied a bell to his hand, which remained hidden under his sleeve. When he shook the tongue-less bell, the hidden bell rang. The spook had no brains to understand the trick!

TO TAKE OR NOT TO!

Shop-keeper: You boy over there! What are you doing standing so close to those mangoes for such a long time? Trying to take one and run away?

The boy: Believe me, I am trying not to take one and run away.





THE GUILTY

King Kumar Dev of Kantipur was a just ruler. At least he tried to do nothing but justice whenever he tried a case.

One day, as he gave his judgment on a case he tried, suddenly an unfamiliar voice was heard exclaiming, "Fine!"

All the courtiers were surprised. Who had the audacity to give a certificate to the king? It was found that a parrot had perched itself on a pillar. It was this bird that made the comment.

When the parrot became conscious of the fact that everybody's attention was on it, it flew away.

The parrot would come at regular intervals. Sometimes even if the king gave a judgment that was quite sound according to him, the parrot kept quiet. The king understood that something was wrong with his judgment. He

gave a second thought to it and revised it. Then the parrot said, "Fine!"

In the kingdom of Kantipur lived a young man who was a cheat. After swindling many people, he thought, "One day I may be caught by the king's police. Better I swindle some wealthy men of a large amount and go over to another kingdom."

He found employment with a merchant in a port-town of the kingdom. He conducted himself in such a way that the merchant developed complete faith in him.

One day the cheat told the merchant, "Sir, I have come to know that a ship, loaded with perfumery, will reach the port tomorrow. We should buy the whole lot and sell at a good profit later."

"I am afraid, we may not get

much profit unless we buy the goods very cheap. But why should the perfumery-merchant give us cheap?" asked the merchant.

"Leave that to me," the cheat said with a smile.

As soon as the perfumery-ship entered the port, three or four men, all looking like merchants, approached the ship separately. They enquired what merchandise the ship contained. When they were told that it had perfumery, they just shrugged and left. The perfumery-merchant was disappointed. He understood that there was no demand for perfumery in that area. Then the cheat met him and bought the whole

load very cheap. His master, the merchant, was very pleased.

A month after this, a ship with jewels came to the port. The merchant was sick. He gave the cheat a large amount of money to buy a chestful of different jewels.

The young man was waiting for this day. He left the town with the money. He reached another town and became a poet's clerk. One day he told the poet, "Sir, you deserve to be the court-poet. But how can the king know you unless there is some publicity? I propose to organise a reception for you."

The poet felt flattered. He gave a thousand rupees to the young man to organise the event. The



young man also raised donations from the poet's admirers and then decamped with all the money.

He now reached the capital and found a job in a nobleman's household. After he had gained his trust, he told the nobleman, "You deserve to be a courtier of the king. The minister is known to me. If we present a costly gift to him, he is sure to recommend your name to the king."

The nobleman was very happy. He gave the young man a diamond. The young man was now ready to leave the kingdom. But as he was about to board a ship, he was arrested by the king's police on suspicion. Soon it became known how he had cheated the merchant of the port-town, the poet and the nobleman. They presented their cases before the king.

"Throw the cheat in gaol. Let

him rot there for full ten years!" ordered the king.

The king's eyes fell on the parrot. It sat silent. That made the king thoughtful. After a while he said, "Let the merchant, the poet and the nobleman too suffer a year's imprisonment each!"

At once the parrot exclaimed, "Fine!"

"But the young man is the criminal, not we!" exclaimed the three.

"You let the young man deceive the perfumery merchant. Hence you are guilty," the king told the merchant.

"You desired to become the court-poet not through merit, but through publicity. Hence you are guilty," the king told the poet.

"And you aspired to become a courtier by bribing the minister. Hence you are guilty," the king told the nobleman.



THE CLEVER MAN

Vinod Sahni of Ramgaon was known for his cleverness. He knew himself to be a clever man as much as anybody else knew it.

Once the people of Ramgaon decided to build a temple. They thought of raising funds for the purpose by asking for donations from the well-to-do men of the area.

In the neighbouring village lived Ram and Lakshman, two traders. They were twins and they looked alike. Vinod Sahni was entrusted with the task of getting donations from both the brothers.

At first he went to Lakshman and asked for a donation. "You should have asked my elder brother first!" said Lakshman. Vinod Sahni smiled and said, "Sir, we are not concerned with seniority or juniority. We know who is really generous. We decided to begin with you."

Lakshman paid him a thousand rupees. In the afternoon Vinod Sahni went to Ram's house. He saw Ram and said, "By mistake I went to your younger brother before meeting you. He gave only a thousand rupees. Well, it is not for nothing that God has made you the elder brother. We know how generous you are!"

The man laughed and said, "Sahni, enough. At once your cleverness has befooled you. I am Lakshman, not Ram. My brother will be here shortly."

Vinod Sahni slunk away.



STEALING SOMEONE'S THUNDER

A gifted drama director had planned to show the effect of thunder in the play he was going to present. A rival producer stole the secret of the devices. He created a scene of thunder in his play and showed it before the first dramatist had done it. This is the origin of the phrase—to *steal someone's thunder* which means to imitate another's innovation or invention before he has got a chance to display it. K.V. Bizang of Churachandpur, Manipur, wanted to know its meaning.

Janaki Biswas of Calcutta wonders why a preacher once told the students of her class not to *swear*. ■ swearing means to take an oath, what is wrong in it?

To *swear* (at) also means to hurl oaths and abuses at somebody. Sometimes when one is angry or excited, one swears of vengeance. *Swear-word* means indecent language.

Master X (he does not wish to be identified) complains that when he described Z as reactionary, the senior students laughed at him. Z, who is in the college, is a young man with progressive ideas who reacted violently to every injustice. Is he not reactionary?

Alas, Z is exactly the opposite of reactionary. He is progressive. A reactionary is one who reacts against new ideas or reforms. One who reacts against injustice is not called reactionary. He may be ■ revolutionary. This is a matter of usage!





LET US KNOW

When would the Kaliyuga come to an end?

—K. L. Mirchandani, Baroda.

According to one ancient cosmological concept, the rule of one Manu is called a *Manvantara*. Each *Manvantara* consists of four *Yugas*, namely *Krita* or *Satya*, *Treta*, *Dvapara* and *Kali*. While the *Satya Yuga* is spread over 96000 years, *Treta* consists of 12,96000, *Dvapara* of 8,64000 years and *Kali* of 4,32000 years. According to one calculation the Christian era began in the 3102 year of *Kali*—which means mankind is to survive yet another 426910 years of *Kali*. However, against this view, there is another calculation according to which the *Kaliyuga* has just passed, though its accumulated influence is not yet exhausted. Sri Aurobindo observes, "In the period of the *Kali* which has passed, still endures in its effects, but is now at an end, there has been a general destruction of the ancient knowledge and culture. Only a few fragments remain to be seen in the Vedas, Upanishads and other sacred works and in the world's confused traditions. But the time is at hand for a first movement upward, the first attempt to build up a new harmony and perfection. That is the reason why so many ideas are abroad for the perfection of human society, knowledge, religion and morals. But the true harmony has not yet been found." *The Supramental Manifestation and Other Writings*, Sri Aurobindo Birth Centenary Library, Vol.16.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

THE FEARLESS FOUR — YUSUF THE LEADER, GURUSHAWMY THE BRAIN, ADVENTURE-SEEKING NANCY AND PARAM THE BRAVE. ALWAYS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR EXCITEMENT AND IN LOVE WITH THE BEAUTY OF INDIA.



GETTING READY FOR THE TREK TO THE PASS...

OH NO! WHY DID I PACK MY BINOCULARS! NOW I MUST OPEN THIS BAG AGAIN.

HEY! THIS IS GREAT. DID YOU KNOW THAT THE HIMALAYAS ARE STILL GROWING ROUGHLY ONE METRE EVERY TEN YEARS.



PROBLEM FOLKS. THERE'S A FOREST-FIRE NEAR THE PASS AND THE LOCALS WON'T LET ANYONE CROSS IT.

THE HILL-PEOPLE ARE NOW VERY PROTECTIVE ABOUT FORESTS THANKS TO THE 'CHIPKO' MOVEMENT.

WE CAN'T GIVE UP AFTER COMING ALL THIS WAY. AT LEAST WE CAN GO AND FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING.

ALL THIS WAS ONCE AN OCEAN. MAYBE A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BUT LOOK AT THE FILTH AND GARBAGE PEOPLE LEAVE AROUND.



AS THEY REENT THE PASS, THE '4 MEET A PARTY OF RETURNING TREKKERS

DON'T GO UP. THE NASTY VILLAGERS WANT TO ROUGH YOU UP.

WHY?

A SMALL FIRE ABOUT WHICH EVERYONE'S GETTING WORKED UP.

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY? AND THEY'RE NOT NASTY. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE MORE FRIENDLY.



AT THE PASS

THEY LEFT BEHIND SO MUCH GARBAGE AND A CAMPFIRE WHICH HADN'T BEEN FULLY EXTINGUISHED.

THE WIND BLEW SPARKS ON TO THE EMPTY PAPER AND PLASTIC PACKETS AND THEY CAUGHT FIRE. SOON THE WHOLE PLACE WAS ABLAZE.

LUCKILY WE SAW THE SMOKE AND EVERYONE RUSHED OVER BUT THE CULPRITS HAD GOT AWAY BY THEN.

YES, WE SAW THEM NEAR THE STREAM. IF WE HURRY, WE CAN CATCH THEM.

LET'S GO BY THE SHORT CUT. WE CAN REACH THE FOREST BEFORE THEY, AND CATCH THEM THERE.

THEY RODE FAST...

HERE THEY ARE, RANGER CAHO.

COME YOU SCOUNDRELS. BE THE GUESTS OF THE POLICE. DIRTYING THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS... CAUSING A FOREST FIRE....

THANK YOU RIPS. YOU'VE DONE A GREAT SERVICE.

COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PASS AND HELP YOU TO CROSS IT.

We care & life with
Keep India Beautiful

YOU TOO SHOULD PREVENT THOUGHTLESS PEOPLE FROM DEGRADING OUR ENVIRONMENT. IF WE ACT TOGETHER, WE CAN HELP PRESERVE INDIA'S BEAUTY FOR EVER.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



P.V. Subrahmanyam

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for October'89 goes to:—

S.V. Subhadra,
w/o S. Rama murty, Rangamma Quartors,
Sompeta-532 284, Srikakulam
Andrapradesh.

The Winning Entry:—"How Do you Like my Toy! & You are ok.my Boy!"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Be nice to people on your way up because you'll meet them on your way down.

—Wilson Mizner

The worst men often give the best advice

—P. J. Bailey

New Year's day is every man's birthday.

—Charles Lamb



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CRUNCHY, MUNCHY SWEETS

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